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Sunday, February 28, 1932

General Washington Receives the Surrender of the British at Yorktown



Ceremony of General Cornwallis's Capitulation, October 19, 1781, as Represented in the Painting by V. de Paredes.

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New York

SIX years, four months and two days after the British defeated the American patriots at Bunker Hill, General Washington and the Continental Army defeated and forced the surrender of Lord Cornwallis and his army of red-coats at Yorktown.

Cornwallis's campaign, designed to subjugate Virginia and hopelessly separate the Americans in the North from those in the South, was completely turned against himself by the American commander's superior strategy. Washington was quick to see the possibility of trapping Cornwallis at Yorktown, on the

narrow Virginia peninsula, with every foot of which he was thoroughly familiar. He left the vicinity of New York and hastened to take command of the army against Cornwallis, and concentrated every possible man against him, persuading a discouraged Congress that this was the great opportunity for victory. At the same time with great difficulty he induced the French Admiral to attack the British fleet off Virginia, and thus prevent food and reinforcements from reaching Cornwallis.

Faced by superior force, the British General retreated behind his entrenchments. Washington's army grew rapidly

until it numbered 16,000, including the French, according to Senator Lodge. The American general bombarded Yorktown for three weeks, leading the attacks in person, and Cornwallis was forced to surrender to avoid annihilation.

More than 7,000 British troops laid down their arms at Yorktown on that memorable day—October 19, 1781. They marched out of their entrenchments while the military band played "The World Turned Upside Down." Historians are

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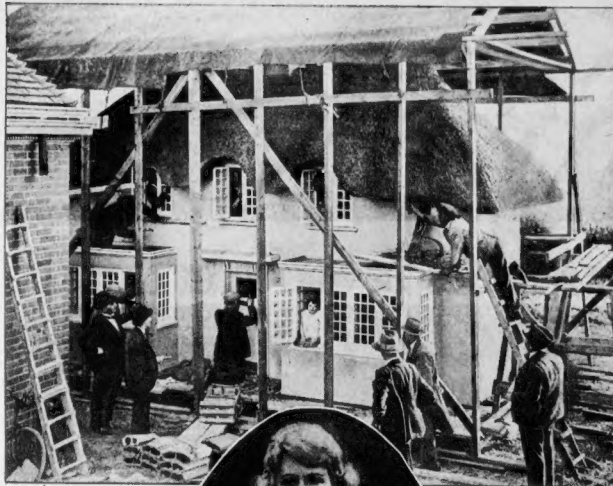
\$10,000 Play Palace For Little Princess

LITTLE Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York and a golden-haired member of the royal family whom fate may some day place on the throne now occupied by George V, is beloved all over the British Empire. Wherever she goes she wins the hearts of her grandfather's subjects.

Not long ago she made a visit to Wales, and to show their affection for the baby princess the people of that part of the country are building her a \$10,000 playhouse, which is a small-scale reproduction of a typical thatched-roof Welsh cottage. The attractive dwelling will be presented to Princess Elizabeth on her sixth birthday, which falls on the twenty-first of April.

The plans for the playhouse were drawn by Morgan Willmott, the eminent Welsh architect, and the house will be made comfortable with modern conveniences. Electricians are wiring the building for light, telephone and radio; plumbers are piping it for hot and cold water; other workmen are installing pipes to supply gas to the special cooking range which will go in the cosy kitchen.

Except for these up-to-date comforts, the Welsh estate of the little princess will look like the sort of dwelling that prosperous Welshmen have lived in for the past couple of centuries. The rugs will be hand-knotted and the small-scale furniture is being fashioned by cabinet makers who have had years of experience in making reproductions of typically Welsh chairs, tables, beds and cabinets.



Canned Rattlesnake Steaks For Your Menu

THE flesh of the dreaded rattlesnake is about the last item that the average person would think of putting into his stomach, yet there are many people who eat "rattler" steaks and find them as tasty and tender as breast of chicken.

A man named George End, who lives near Arcadia, Florida, seems to have made the discovery that rattlesnake meat is pleasant to the taste and highly digestible. But even if someone made the discovery before him, he is a pioneer in roasting and canning the reptilian steaks. He has been in this unique business only about a year and he says he can't catch enough of the snakes to supply the growing demand for the steaks he gets from them.

It was last spring that George End helped his two young sons kill a rattler and skin it. The flesh of the creature looked clean and white. It smelled good, too, so Mrs. End cooked it over her strenuous protest and the whole family dined enjoyably on snake meat.

Some weeks later Mr. End served the flesh of several good-sized rattlers at a gathering of war veterans in Tampa, and the dish made a great hit. Then he engaged a man to help find and kill the snakes and went into the business of canning the steaks. Many newspapers published stories of the strange venture and Mr. End began to get orders from all over the country. Once he caught a snake seven feet long, the flesh of which filled five cans, but the average-sized rattler seldom makes more than three cans of steaks.

Washington Bicentennial Prize Essay Contest

(Continued from Front Page)

not entirely agreed on all the facts surrounding the campaign, nor the formalities of the surrender. There is disagreement as to the exact number of troops in the forces under General Washington in Virginia, and the old tradition that Lord Cornwallis presented his sword to General Washington in person is asserted to be incorrect. It is said that Lord Cornwallis professed to be ill and sent General O'Hara with his sword to represent him. When General Washington found that his adversary was not present, he directed General Lincoln of his staff to accept the symbol of defeat.

In the famous painting reproduced on the preceding page the artist, De Paredes, followed the commonly accepted version and shows the defeated British commander offering his sword to General Washington. The strategy of General Washington, resulting in the victory at Yorktown, really won the Revolutionary War, although it dragged on for nearly two years more. The only considerable body of British troops remaining under arms in America was cooped up in New York, unable to carry on any effective campaign.

This year the nation is celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of the victor of Yorktown. Bands are playing and statesmen are making speeches from one end of the country to the other in honor of the great soldier who won American independence.

The famous Marshal von Moltke said that the glory of Washington was that, although he suffered many defeats, he never lost a campaign. When driven into the wilderness with half-starved and frozen soldiers

he was still looking forward to the final victory. While Washington exhibited genius as a soldier, he did not fight for glory or power, as most other great soldiers have done, but for the freedom and prosperity of his country. History has no better example of unselfish patriotism.

And when the war was over and the young republic needed the guidance of a truly great statesman, Washington revealed his wisdom and patriotic citizenship again as President. "The noblest figure that ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life," Talleyrand called him.

To impress on the youth of the United States the lessons to be learned from the life of the Father of His Country, a prize contest has been established by the Hearst newspapers, and awards will be made for the best essays on Washington's famous farewell address. The prizes will be given by Mr. William Randolph Hearst, and will include a gold cup, gold medals, silver medals, bronze medals and cash prizes, and also diplomas of honorable mention.

In directing the establishment of the Washington Bicentennial Essay Contest in his newspapers, Mr. Hearst said:

"It is important to this country to have the true character of Washington understood, to have his great achievements recognized, and to have his work and principles indelibly fixed in the minds and hearts of our people, and especially in the minds and hearts of the new generation represented by our school children. It will mean much for our country if our newspapers can assist in this commendable work."

The details of the prize essay contest will be found in a section of the newspaper which brings this issue of *The American Weekly* to you.



At the Top—The Model Playhouse Soon to Be Presented to the Little Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of the Duke of York, by the People of Wales. (Below) The Little Princess as She Appeared at the Wedding of Lady May Cambridge to a British Army Officer.

Glass Bathing Suits in 1932?

PEOPLE who live in glass houses probably had better heed the old adage and refrain from throwing stones. But girls who wear the glass bathing suits, which may become something of a vogue in 1932, won't have to keep away from the water, because the fragile-looking outfits are said to be remarkably sturdy and flexible.

Perhaps the glass bathing suit will not capture the public fancy, but its ingenious inventor, a Los Angeles woman, predicts that the abbreviated costumes of spun glass and glass "foam" will appeal strongly to young women who go down to the sea in chic outfits.

Of course, the glass bathing suit is not transparent—some of the wearers and all of the censors would kick at such a daring innovation. The shimmering fabric of the aquatic costume is sewn to a light background of silk and has the appearance of snow.

It is this shimmer—this gleaming luminosity—which is supposed to make the glass bathing suit popular, for what shapely young woman, argues the designer of the outfit, can resist seeking her place in the sun when her physical charms will be set off by a thousand twinkling—not to say blinding—flashes of reflected light?

Boy is the brilliant suit of aquatic armor all there is to the sparkling outfit. There's a cap of crystal glass, with delicate, curlicues of spun glass to frame the wearer's face; a chain belt made of links of glass, and a necklace of glass beads to lend a final touch of completeness to the ensemble.

The creator of the outfit confesses that wearers had better stick to simple bathing and not subject their eye-catching costumes to the rigors of speed swimming and diving.



A Bathing Suit Made Entirely of Spun Glass. The Ensemble Includes a Bathing Cap and Glass Chain Belt. It Was Made by a Los Angeles Woman.

Malta's Weird Cave of the Oracle

BITISH scientists, bent upon solving one of the puzzling mysteries of antiquity, have installed delicate sound registering instruments in the 40,000-year-old "Cave of the Oracle" unearthed on the outskirts of Valetta several years ago.

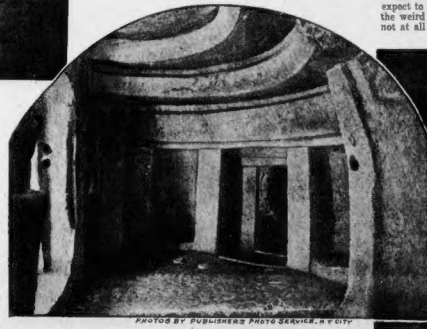
An ancient legend relates that the cave, with its many subterranean rooms, was once the dwelling place of an oracle, whose questioners never were permitted to pass upon the all-wise being. Those who consulted the purveyor of wisdom and counsel sat in shadowy rooms surrounding the cavern occupied by the oracle. His voice came

to them clearly, but as though from a great distance.

It was found, when the cavern was discovered, that a man's voice, broadcasting from the oracle's chamber, could be heard plainly in all the other rooms of the cave, but that a woman's voice did not carry beyond the rough arches of the chamber.

The scientists do not, of course, believe there is anything supernatural in this phenomenon. Their guess is that the acoustics of the cavern are such that low tones echo and re-echo from the rough walls and ceilings, but that somewhat higher pitched sounds—such as those of a feminine voice—are largely absorbed by the rocky surfaces and are not carried outside the oracular chamber.

Within a few weeks the curious men of science expect to solve the mystery and demonstrate that the weird acoustics of the prehistoric cavern are not at all supernatural.



The Holy of Holies of the Subterranean Temple Throughout Which a Male Voice, Coming From the Oracle Room Can Be Heard. Strangely, a Woman's Voice Will Not Carry From the Room.

—To the Right— Entrance Hall of the Cavern, Which, Scientists Say, Is Probably 40,000 Years Old.



The Oracle Room of the Prehistoric Cavern, Unearthed at Malta. It Was Discovered by Archaeologists Some Years Ago, and Further Researches Are Now Being Carried on to Seek a Solution of Its Mysterious Acoustical Properties.

Insect Plague Kills Cattle

THE buffalo gnat, a species of black fly, always has been a troublesome pest in certain sections of the South. The insects, which seldom grow more than a quarter of an inch long, make life miserable for human beings and have killed hundreds of males and cows in the Mississippi River lowlands.

Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana recently suffered the most serious attack on mules and cattle that the pestiferous buffalo gnats have made in many years. Without warning, great buzzing clouds of the insects swept over parts of all these States, literally covering farm buildings and livestock.

Within 48 hours farmers in Louisiana reported the death of several scores of cattle. In Arkansas the toll

of the sudden and rapidly passing plague included 100 mules, as well as many head of livestock. The agriculturists of Coahoma County, Mississippi, were hit even harder, for they lost 185 mules in addition to many cows.

The buffalo gnat is surprisingly vicious for its size and is equipped with a tiny proboscis built on the lines of a dagger. The instant the insect lights on the body of a cow or a mule it jabs this sharp instrument through the hide and begins to suck the victim's blood. And when a cow is completely covered by these diminutive bloodsuckers it soon loses so much blood that it becomes too weak to stand up. Like the mosquito and the housefly, the buffalo gnat is a germ carrier and often infects its victims with disease.

Horses Bring Lady Torrington Wealth, Title, Ruin and Death

Reduced to Poverty by Her Passion for Racing, the Former Gaiety Girl Turns on the Gas Rather Than Sell Matches in Front of the Theatre Where Once She Had Triumphed

Katherine Foote, the former Gaiety Girl, sitting now in front of the theatre selling matches.

Eleanor, Viscountess Torrington, as she was when Gaiety Girl, shortly before her marriage to Viscount Torrington, the "Sporting Peer."

LONDON, Feb. 20. ELEANOR, ninth Viscountess Torrington, is dead.

"Gaiety by gas poisoning" was the coroner's verdict.

Lady Torrington that evening had looked at the entrance of the famous old Gaiety Theatre and seen something that made her go back to her shabby room and turn on the gas.

When the Viscountess was just Miss Eleanor Souray, she had been a Gaiety girl, in the splendid days before the war when being a Gaiety girl in London was even greater than being a "Follies" girl in New York.

On this recent foggy evening she trudged slowly up to that famous theatre entrance through which London's wealthiest aristocracy used to crowd every night to admire what were considered the most beautiful creatures in the world, the Gaiety girls of London. Just as devout church-goers rent pews the year around, so it was not unusual for a rich young man to rent a box at the Gaiety for the whole season so that he could feast his eyes on the beauties as often as he pleased.

One of the most popular and lovely of these singers and dancers had been the woman who now came back to the scene of her former triumphs. Since that day she had gone through three fortunes. One she had inherited, another she had shared with her husband, Lord Torrington, and a third, a small one, she had made in business. Now she was "stony broke," no longer young, and, worst of all, her country, England, banker of the world, was poor, too. Could she come back?

For weeks she had called upon and written to all the eminent and noble friends she had known in her own prosperous past, men and women who 20 years ago would have thought nothing of writing her a check for 1,000 pounds when the English pound was worth \$4.86 in gold. But now those that were still alive were ruined by taxation, their yachts and broad estates long since sold, their jewels and furs pawned. That evening, having called in vain on every name she could remember, Lady Torrington felt drawn to look at the old Gaiety. Perhaps it might inspire her with the answer to her problem. But the entrance she scarcely noticed the stocky figure of a middle-aged woman. The figure approached the Viscountess and in a strident voice cried:

"Matches, Lady—matches."

Lady Torrington paid no attention.



As Lady Torrington, Gaiety Girl and Poverty Stricken, Stared at the Stage Door of the Theatre Which Had So Many Memories, It Seemed to Open and She Saw Herself as She Had Been Many Years Before—Radiant, Happy, Courtied—And Then She Saw Katherine Foote, Who Had Shared Those Triumphs, Sitting Selling Matches in Front of the Theatre. And Lady Torrington Went Straight Home and Killed Herself.

STAGE ENTRANCE

"Eleanor—is it you?" The memories of the past vanished. Lady Torrington turned to look into the face of the woman who sold matches and slowly recognised her old rival.

"Down and out like me, eh?" asked Katherine. The Viscountess admitted it and added:

"Can you make a living selling those things?"

"I keep alive—that's all," the match woman answered.

Was that her fate, the only answer to her problem? Had the ninth Viscountess Torrington come to selling matches? Lady Eleanor's eye wandered to the other side of the entrance where there was room for another woman to stand. Katherine read her thoughts.

"No, Eleanor," she warned, "you'll have to find another stand. You and I can't both sell in front of this theatre."

"Still jealous, Katherine?" quipped the Viscountess, with a faint smile.

"It's not that," Katherine answered. "But one woman bothering the patrons of the theatre is nuisance enough. If the management finds two old women annoying the customers, they will bounce us both."

"I see," said Lady Eleanor, who didn't consider herself an old woman by any means. "I fancy I don't want to sell matches anyway."

"Who does?" demanded the once famous stage idol, Miss Katherine Foote. "It's only charity anyway." And she hurried to intercept a gentleman and lady who had stepped out of a taxi. Lady Eleanor gazed at the entrance again and saw a different kind of vision. This time it was horses, horses, no end of horses. Then she went home, talked to her landlady of the evening's experiences and went to bed. When they found her in the morning she had solved her problem. The first re-

porter who arrived asked the landlady what had caused Lady Torrington's death and the distracted woman answered:

"Horses!"

The official verdict was suicide by gas poisoning, but it was horses that brought her the titles and horses that brought ruin and death. Eleanor Souray, when she came to London to seek her fortune, did not impress George Edwards, manager of the Gaiety, as likely to be one of the world's greatest actresses, but she could dance and sing a little, and had one of the prettiest faces and figures he had seen. With these she was an instantaneous hit and was soon receiving a salary just about as large as that of Katherine Foote. In those days the girls were paid according to their power to attract admiring, wealthy men to the Gaiety.

One of her admirers was the son of a very wealthy soap manufacturer, with hopes some day of receiving a title. This youth almost married her in spite of his father's threats of disowning him if he did. Gaiety girls, for one reason or another, usually drifted off its stage after a few seasons. Miss Souray's reason was that she had inherited a fortune of nearly \$200,000. Up to that time Eleanor had spent every cent she could from her salary and often pawned her jewels to bet on horse races. Now she put her inheritance into a small racing stable which caused her friends to groan with dismay.

Then, on one of the French tracks, her affairs came to a crisis, in which she staked everything on winning one big race. It was won or give up, and many around the track knew it, including a handsome turf man, Viscount Torrington, only 24 years old. Eleanor's horse led the field to the very finish, but there Fate would have it that the young English peer's horse nosed her out by inches.

Tod Sloan, the famous American jockey, was at the Viscount's elbow, and, after congratulating him, men-

tioned that the owner of the horse his lad beaten would now have to sell her stable. Perhaps His Lordship would like to bid on some of them. The jockey introduced the dashing young lord to the sad beauty, who said:

"Yes, horses have bankrupted me."

Lord Torrington was full of remorse at having struck the final blow to her fortunes and of sympathy over this lovely lady in distress. For weeks they discussed the details of buying the animals that had eaten up her inheritance. If a man of 24 sympathized very long with one of the loveliest girls in the world something is liable to happen to him. It did. One day the loveliness of the ambitious soap-maker angrily thrust a morning paper in front of his father's face, almost upsetting the old gentleman's cup of breakfast tea.

"Not good enough to marry a soap-maker's son," he cried. "She's in the peerage now."

And so she was. Instead of buying that stable, Lord Torrington had absorbed it by marrying its owner. There had been a little informal wedding in Paris, with Tod Sloan acting as best man. Horses had devoured her salary, jewels and estate, but, at the eleventh hour, they had brought her a wealthy husband and a title. Lady Torrington went out and hugged the clock neck of the horse that had lost that race for her. She thought the huge had done pretty well for her, and so did everyone else, including Katherine Foote, a carol singer who saved her salary and presents to invest in real estate and shares of Britain's great shipping com-

panies. Lord and Lady Torrington placed their combined stables under the management of Tod Sloan, but together it lost twice as much money as the two horses had separately. In a few years Lord Torrington appeared in the bankruptcy courts, where it was discovered that his beautiful ancestral mansion, Yates Court, in Kent, had been settled upon the Viscountess for life, together with the revenues from the rest of his estates which were entailed and could not be sold. The creditors were stuck, but, then creditors usually are in bankruptcy proceedings.

The horses were sold under the hammer and for a while Lord and Lady Torrington lived rather quietly. Then came the war, in which her husband served first in the army and then aviation until engine trouble brought him down a captive behind the Bulgarian lines. The Viscountess did not know whether he was alive or not until he came back to her after the armistice. Somehow they scraped together enough money to start a stable in a small way, but it had no luck. This time the former Gaiety girl not only lost money but the heart of the Viscount, who was soon named as co-respondent in the divorce suit of Harold Fortescue. The evidence was so overwhelming that Lady Eleanor used it to win a divorce of her own, but to the last she still called herself by her title. Lord Torrington went from bad to worse, marrying again and recently being arrested for passing a worthless check for fifty pounds.

Somewhat they scraped together enough money to start a stable in a small way, but it had no luck. This time the former Gaiety girl not only lost money but the heart of the Viscount, who was soon named as co-respondent in the divorce suit of Harold Fortescue. The evidence was so overwhelming that Lady Eleanor used it to win a divorce of her own, but to the last she still called herself by her title. Lord Torrington went from bad to worse, marrying again and recently being arrested for passing a worthless check for fifty pounds. Lady Eleanor still had the life income of those ancestral estates of her husband that had come down through eight generations of Torringtons since the first of the line won them by victories on the sea. But the terrific after-war taxation quickly turned these from assets to liabilities.

Undaunted, she pawned the last of her jewels and opened a tea shop. The public, eager to drink a cup of tea while breathing the same air as one of the nobility and to eat a bun supposedly cooked by her fair hands, flocked to the place. Lady Eleanor promptly expanded it into a chain of these little places, all making money.

Alas, in thundered those fatal horses again! With her prosperity she was tempted to start another stable and stud farm, with the result that she lost her tea shops and everything else but hope. She never quite gave that up until the other night when she sold her old rival's old matches at the Gaiety door. Katherine Foote had lost her savings because real estate had been sold for taxes and the shares of her shipping concerns had become worthless, too.

And there they were—the careful beauty and the careless one—both down and out.

Eleanor went home and turned on the gas, but Katherine keeps on selling matches.



Members of the Fashionable Onwentsia Hunt Club, Lake Forest, Ill., Riding With the Hounds. In the Circle Above, a Young Fox, One of the Quarries Which Became So Tame That the Dogs Had to Be Runned to a Fury Before They Began the Chase.

ONE frosty morning, not long ago, some hundred members of the exclusive Onwentsia Hunt Club of Lake Forest, Illinois, sat astride their roving mounts, booted, spurred and red-coated. Austin H. Niblick, master of the hunt, was just about to toss the shiny horn slung from one of his shoulders as a signal that the exciting quest for Br'er Fox was on.

When he reached for the horn, Sheriff Tiffany, accompanied by an attractive young woman, alighted from an automobile and the officer of the law held up a restraining hand. "Sorry, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "but there'll be no hunt today."

The master of the hunt wanted to know why and was informed that the sheriff had ordered temporarily restraining the wealthy and socially prominent members of the club from indulgence in their favorite pastime.

A dozen voices demanded to know who was

responsible for this annoying curb on their pleasure. The sheriff indicated the young woman at his side. The disciples of the hound and horn were nonplussed, to say the least, when they recognized the sheriff's companion as Miss Jane Morton, popular and prominent socialite and the niece of Jay Morton, the "walk king."

Miss Morton, they remembered, had been an honored guest at a hunt held the week before. They couldn't understand why she, a member of the elite and leisured set, should do anything to interfere with the expensive and exclusive amusement of gentlemen like herself.

Some of the red-coated assemblage guessed that Miss Morton was playing a practical joke. The halting of the fox hunt was no joke, however, for the members of the Onwentsia Club or for Miss Morton, who has been snubbed by many of



Miss Jane Morton, a Member of the Illinois Fashionable Set, Who Was So Shocked by the Cruelty of the Hunts, Which, by the Way, Were Feudal Imitations of English Aristocracy, That She Called in the Sheriff, and Now the Hunting Has Ended for the Season.



One of the Buildings of the Onwentsia Hunt Club.

perpetrating such cruelty in the name of sport so moved the young woman that she sought out the sheriff and asked him to put a stop to such inhumane goings-on. She and the sheriff paid a visit to the office of the Humane Society which assured them that there are laws on the statute books to prevent, in Illinois at least, such hunts as those staged on the hills and dales of Lake Forest. It was on this assurance that the sheriff acted.

Master of the Hunt Niblick said, after he and his booted, spurred and red-coated friends had been restrained from their fun, "I haven't the time or inclination to get into an argument with a woman on the subject of fox hunting."

He explained that the hunt was abandoned not because of the sheriff, or Miss Morton, but because the ground was too frozen for the

horses' hooves. He intimated that, if the ground were in proper condition the following week, the postponed hunt would be held—and with a live fox as the quarry. Maybe the ground wasn't right for the horses the next week. Maybe it was. Anyway there was no hunt.

The social set of Lake Forest is divided into two camps—those who feel that Jane Morton is a courageous if tender-hearted heroine, and those who regard her as a soft-hearted busybody.

The young woman is sorry that some of her friends are annoyed at her, but she stands by her guns and insists that there's just as much fun in riding to hounds who follow a trail left by a bag filled with fox scent as there is in galloping over the countryside to be in at the death of a pet fox 'no time that a dog could lope up behind it and bite its defenseless head off."

Another Holy Porthole for British Navy

UNTIL a few weeks ago the British cruiser Repulse was the only warship in the world to have a "church window" porthole. This religious work of art—shown in the photograph at the right—depicts St. Nicholas, the patron saint of youth, bestowing his blessing on a midshipman and a seaman.

Now the English navy boasts two holy portholes, for a similar window was recently installed in the chapel of the battleship Nelson, the pride of the

British fleet. This is the gift of a wealthy Englishwoman and is specially made of extra-thick stained glass so that the work of art cannot easily be broken by a heavy sea.

Another saint revered by the people of Great Britain is the subject for this addition to the chapel of the Nelson. He is St. George, the legendary gallant knight of the Middle Ages who set out single-handed to kill a flame-mooring dragon about to feast on the beautiful daughter of the king. The knight was a Christian crusader and the story goes that the pagan people of the town where the princess lived were won over to Christian faith when the warrior brought the monster into the market place and slew it with his sword.



Stained Glass Porthole Installed Some Months Ago Aboard the British Battleship Repulse, and the First Religiously Symbolical Window Ever to Be Given the Navy.

The New Stained Glass Porthole, Representing St. George and the Dragon, Made for the Chapel of the British Battleship Nelson.

Serbia's Most Beautiful Woman

PERHAPS Mlle. Mali Podruk knew she was the most beautiful woman in this country, as well as one of its leading actresses. Perhaps not. Anyway, she had, for years, declined to display her charms in beauty contests—until she learned that the dashing Prince George, eldest brother of the King of Yugoslavia, was to head the committee of judges charged with the pleasant duty of finding and honoring "Serbia's Queen of Beauty."

It was rumored that the Prince, who has long been a warm admirer of Mlle. Podruk's blonde loveliness as well as her dramatic talents, intimidated through an emissary that no Serbian contest of pulchritude could possibly be held if it should be unless the stage star was among the present.

Of course, His Royal Highness could not go further than that without making it appear that the contest was, to use a couple of American terms, "framed," or "in the bag." And, to tell the truth, it is more than likely that the comely young actress would have captured her country's beauty crown in any case.

The finals of the competition were held in the ballroom of one of the city's leading hotels and, because of the presence of the Prince, the titled and fashionable sets were there in force. So were several hundred lesser citizens.

As the parade of beauties moved across the stage, while colored spotlights played on their charms, the spectators broke out in appreciative applause. But when Mlle. Podruk emerged from the wings, dressed in one of her more colorful and revealing stage costumes, the assemblage gave her an ovation of enthusiastic handclapping which the judges properly accepted as a tribute to her outstanding beauty of face and form.

Half an hour later the contestants had been reduced to three and from these the judges unanimously picked the stage star as the "winner." Prince George smiled broadly as he placed the Serbian beauty crown on her blonde head.

After the coronation ceremony there was a reception for the new Miss Serbia, at which she expressed her happiness for the honor that the committee of judges had bestowed upon her.

"There was a time," she said, "when I used to think that beauty contests were cheap. I have changed my mind, and not because I happened to win. Every country thinks it has the most beautiful women in the world, and it is selfish, almost unpatriotic, of anyone to refuse to become what might be called an ambassador of good looks."



Mlle. Mali Podruk, Conceded the Most Popular of Serbian Actresses, Whom Prince George of Yugoslavia, Headed a Committee, Pronounced the Country's Most Beautiful Woman. She Is Shown in Two of Her Elaborate Stage Costumes.

Bigger and Better Eggs

IT WAS about the time when the trouble broke out in the Far East that an agricultural experiment station in Manchuria issued an announcement that caused interest and excitement among poultrymen all over the world.

The directors of the station revealed that, after two years of search and experiments, they had found a breed of poultry that lays eggs nearly twice the size of the eggs laid by ordinary hens. These eggs average about three and a half ounces each and some of them tip the scales at more than four ounces.

For years, it seems, a few farmers in certain remote sections of Manchuria had been raising a rare breed of poultry with unusually big bodies and capable of producing eggs of extraordinary size and weight.

Investigators traveled thousands of miles and, after two years, succeeded in getting 15 cocks and 32 hens of the species, which has yet to be given a definite name.

These 45 birds were put in a special pen on the experiment station grounds and a careful record was kept of the number, size and weight of all the eggs laid by the fowls. The results of the experiment were saved for breeding purposes and were hatched in a specially-built incubator.

The chicks of this hatch were carefully tended and when they reached the pullet stage, having been properly fed, they began to lay eggs that surprised even the men who were conducting the interesting experiment.

Many of the eggs weighed four ounces or more. And a few of the eggs reached the incredible weight of five ounces. Four such eggs are equivalent to a dozen ordinary hen's eggs.

The Manchurian experiment station has promised that flocks of the giant hens eventually will be sent to every country in the world.

Earth Brains Race Wiped Out by Bolsheviks 8,000 Years Ago?

Mystery of the Disappearance of the Big-Headed, Cro-Magnon Men Before the Dawn of History Now Explained as Extinction by a Horde of Low-Browed Communists Who Had No More Use for Initiative and Intelligence Than Those of Red Russia Have Today

1—Scientific Reconstruction of a Neanderthal Man, Whom the Brave Cro-Magnons Exterminated in Europe. Large Headed but Brutish, the Neanderthal People Were Little Above the Apes in Intelligence and Probably Were Cannibals.

EIGHT THOUSAND years ago there occurred in Europe what the majority of scientists think is the greatest real tragedy in human history. It was the wiping out from the world's stage of what was probably the greatest race that ever lived—the Cro-Magnons. Just what terminated them has been one of the foremost mysteries of civilization's progress. At last some light begins to be thrown upon that mystery, promising in time full answer to the enigma.

The Cro-Magnon men are so named because their remains were first found in the district of that name in France. They were tall, large-headed, skillful and industrious. Their brains were larger than those of men of today and, therefore, capable of greater development. Artists regard their paintings and carvings as among the finest ever made. It was they, archeologists believe, who cleared Europe of the brutish, low-browed Neanderthals, that race which had held it for more than a thousand centuries and might, but for the Cro-Magnons, be holding it yet, staging their indescribable, cannibalistic feasts on dirty river banks where now stand Paris and London and Rome.

This great race vanished. Slowly their power decayed, their numbers decreased, fewer and fewer of them were left able to paint or carve the lifelike figures of animals in the caves which they seem to have used as temples and perhaps as council chambers.

The most likely truth now seems to be that the Cro-Magnons were overwhelmed by mediocrity—precisely as today the brutal Communist hordes of Russia have been exterminating the better brains in Russia.

For five thousand years they held the supremacy of Europe. Twice they fought for their lives against alien invaders and each time they won, although once it was only after five centuries and at the cost of some mixture with the newcomers.

But always these tall, big-brained men were individualists. They did only those things that individualists do well: they painted pictures, they hunted game or fish, they ran races, they reared families, probably they sang songs and praised their gods in prose or poetry as individualists still do today.

Then out of the East came another race; smaller, less competent, with worse brains and less courage and with no artistic ability at all. They were Communists; what they did was done together as a horde. Before them the superior Cro-Magnon individualists slowly faded, never to return.

What happened nobody knows for certain, but why it happened is clearer. Not for the last time in the world, and perhaps not for the first, the best brains went down in defeat before organized mediocrity just as is happening in Red Russia today.

But by scientific men, digging over the fields and caves and rock shelters of southern Europe, are unearthing the history of this tremendous tragedy. That is the only way to read it, for the Cro-Magnons apparently had nothing similar to writing; which, indeed, had been invented before in the world in the days when this race was at its prime.

Thirteen thousand years ago the last of the Great Ice Ages was just passing. Where now is the Sahara Desert was a broad, fertile, grass-covered plain, probably not unlike the prairies of the Middle West when Columbus

discovered America. To the north of the Mediterranean, where now stands Nice and Monte Carlo and others of

the world's fairest pleasure cities, was a bleak, storm-swept coast with rare caves in which huddled the half-frozen survivors of the Neanderthals together with strange beasts scarcely less human than they. The weather still was cold. Only a little way to the north still stood the slowly retreating wall of ice; the edge of the great glaciers that covered all of the Alps and stretched northward with only a few breaks that is now Norway and then on to the Pole.

The weather, however, was growing warmer. Each year the ice retreated a little further, the storms along the black seacoast were less severe, green plants began to take root and grow on the rocks, although the coast was still far from the wonderful Coast of Azure that it is today. In those days there was a low and narrow land connection between what is now Sicily and the northern coast of Africa. Across this land bridge there came, the scientists believe, the first of the Great Race; the original pioneers of the Cro-Magnons. Their homes must have been somewhere in the grass land of the Sahara, where relics of them still lie buried somewhere underneath the drifting desert sands.

This was about thirteen thousand years ago, and almost at the same time another band of these hardy pioneers came to have invaded the new continent by another route, across the narrow strait at which is now Gibraltar. Remains of these first people of the Cro-Magnon type—the first real men, indeed whose remains have been found in Europe—exist along both the Sicilian route into France and along the Gibraltar route into Spain.

Against them in Europe were only the Neanderthals, which low and brutish people skillful hunters like the Cro-Magnons probably had little difficulty in exterminating. For a time both races seem to have existed side by side, for their distinctive types of stone tools and weapons are found in the same accumulations of gravel and soil.

Presently, however, the Neanderthal remains vanish. The conquest of the continent was complete; perhaps a conquest as speedy and certainly as final as that of America by the whites from the American Indian.

Not for long a race so go, however, were these able, big-brained invaders from the southlands to be lost to the southlands of the continent that they had won. Not much more than a thousand years after their arrival they were to have their first end. From somewhere in the East, perhaps Central Asia or perhaps what is now Syria, there appeared in Europe another race of hunters. The Cro-Magnons were tall and very large headed. The new invaders were tall instead of long and flat. They might be called the Tall Heads. The battle between Tall Heads and Big Heads was joined.

There was another curious thing about the Cro-Magnons which no one yet understands. The men were very tall, probably the tallest race that ever lived. Many were well over six feet. The women, however, were short and small. Something between four feet and five feet probably would be an average. No other race in human history has displayed so marked a difference in stature between its two sexes. However this may be, the invading Tall Heads from the East had neither of these peculiarities. Their legs were

3—Reconstruction of the Probable Appearance of the Low-browed Invaders, Who Practiced Communism, Lived in Herds Instead of in More or Less Isolated Families, Domesticated Animals for Food and Clothing Instead of Hunting, and Who in Time Submerged the Individualistic, Better-brained but Unadaptable Cro-Magnons.



The Cro-Magnons Were Remarkable Artists and Sculptors. The Picture Is From a Fresco in the American Museum of Natural History, New York, Showing Them Painting a Mammoth in One of Their Caves. (Copyright, American Museum of Natural History.)



Realistic Painting of a Charging Bison, Done by One of the Big-brained Race in a French Cave.

not unduly long and their women were almost as tall as the men were, which is the case in surviving races today. Another curious difference was in the shapes of their female ideals. The earliest Cro-Magnons, there is some reason to believe, admired extremely fat women, like the small statues of abnormally fat women which have been found here and there in European graves of the time. The Tall Head invaders on the other hand seem to

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4—Former President Coolidge's Head Is That of a Typical Intelligent Modern Man. It Has Not, However, the Brain Capacity of the Vanished Cro-Magnon, and Is Here Shown in Proper Proportion to the Cro-Magnon, the Neanderthal and Low-brow Heads, as Reconstructed From Skulls Found in Europe.

Had a visitor from another planet looked down on Europe eight thousand years ago he would have predicted, it is probable, permanent possession by the faded Big Head and Tall Head races of the continent that they had won from the Neanderthals and from each other. He would have been wrong. It was the beginning of the end.

Already there were filtering from somewhere in central Asia into the eastern borders of Europe groups and bands of a new race whose coming, for the artist-hunter-individualists, spelled doom. At a town called Ofnet, in what is now Bavaria, scientists have unearthed a burial place of these new invaders. They are a small folk, small headed and presumably small brained. Their heads were neither tall or big, but round. Their bodies were puny and ill formed.

One can imagine some tall, raw-boned, white-skinned Cro-Magnon standing on a hillside rock and watching a struggling tribe of these puny pigmies invade his land. One can see him laugh aloud at the fancy that such weakling folk could mean danger for his people. The newcomers were even so feeble and afraid that they traveled in great companies, like herds of horses, instead of going two by two or three by three, each man able to take care of himself.

Yet had they but known it, this is the very fact of which the Cro-Magnons should have been afraid. The newcomers Round Heads were, it is true, a small folk and probably a weak one. There is no evidence that they had first-class brains or even second-class ones. Their best sign of intelligence was to accept immediately the stone tools of the Cro-Magnons which they found ready for them as they advanced. If even one of them ever had an artistic or inspiring idea, no evidence of it has survived. Yet they were almost infinitely more powerful than the Cro-Magnons because they were a community; the first communal people of which science has discovered traces.

They had two enormous advantages. They knew something of agriculture and made pottery, in which they stored food. The Cro-Magnons, so far as modern science can learn, were hunters who never could keep food from one day to another.

It was not long until the invaders won. Whether or not they were aided, as some scientists think, by changes of climate that made it harder to hunt animals and easier to develop agriculture, it is a fact that within a few centuries the Round Head invaders had wiped out every sign of the Big Head Cro-Magnon. It was four thousand years before another art was worthy of the name was made anywhere in Europe.

This is the mystery. What became of the Cro-Magnons? Perhaps they destroyed them as we do today. They could not be happy under a system in which there was no room for initiative, and a mediocre man only a unit in a human horde.

Some of them may have lived on unhappily, fewer each century, to try to hunt in the Fall of the year or to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, but by making little sketches or carvings like their ancestors made so marvelously. Perhaps a certain of this hunter-artist-individualist blood still lingers in the blood of the present owners and amuse the owners' more hard-headed neighbors.

Perhaps the world's wanderers and non-conformists and impractical artists still have a drop of this hunter-artist blood in them. And in Russia, where Communism is god and masses of mere human units sweep away the work of centuries of brilliant individualists, there still lingers a drop of this hunter-artist blood, again the historic triumph of mediocrity over genius.



Handle of a Knife Showing Two Reindeer Carved Out of a Mammoth-tusk, the Work of Some Cro-Magnon Artist From 8,000 to 15,000 Years Ago.

have admired slimmer women, or at least to have made their statues in this more sinuous mould.

In any event, the Tall Head invaders won, temporarily. The Cro-Magnons appear to have been driven back pell mell out of southern and central Europe into the mountains of southeastern France and northern Spain, where the Tall Heads evidently did not follow them. It was not the rout of an army, for the Cro-Magnons were too individualistic ever to have an army, but it was the eclipse of a race. Like other eclipses, it did not last forever. In a few centuries, probably about five of them, the evidence indicates that the original Cro-Magnons again were in possession of their chosen land in Spain, France, Italy and portions of what are now the countries of central Europe. Their victory, however, was not exactly a conquest. In some degree the two races seem to have merged. Tall headed skulls are found among the Big Heads. The types alone suggest by the two races came to be much alike, the survivors borrowing the best features of both ancestral lineages. Chief of all the artistic abilities and impulses of the original Cro-Magnons seem to have survived unharmed, even bettered.

When Poison Was Safe

In Earlier Centuries King, Queen, Noble and Prelate Were Never Safe From the Poisoner, and Primitive Science Had No Way to Prove What Is Nowadays the Most Risky of All Methods of Assassination

FASHIONS change, even in styles of committing murder. For many centuries poison was the common method of high and low for getting rid of friends, relatives or enemies who were not wanted. But poisoning has gone out of fashion, and the reason is that it is probably the most risky weapon a murderer can use. Science has stepped in and is able to tell how much and what kind of poison was used, even years after the victim has been laid in the grave.

But in earlier centuries, when doctors were ignorant and before chemical analysis had been developed, poison was the easy and sure weapon of the assassin. Poison was so common and popular during the dark ages that anyone who could afford it took out a sort of insurance against it. Not only kings and emperors, but most nobles of sufficient wealth and power to be well worth murdering, had among their personal servants some person of small importance whose job was to swallow a large sample of his master's food and drink some time in advance. If no ill effects appeared within a reasonable time, the great personage himself would take a chance. For the middle class while it was not afforded a "taster," dogs, which were always pre-empted over their heads and tried to keep them alive as long as possible.



A Poisoned Knife and Poison Vial.

backward, was one of the leading nations of the world, with what, for that day, was considerable learning. Unfortunately, Indian wives became learned in the art of poisoning their husbands when they got tired of seeing them around, so skillfully that it was almost impossible to prove anything against the ladies. In desperation it was decided that a wife's life must end with her husband's. This was certainly true in the case of the Indian, but the expectation of life of married men, to say nothing of their peace of mind. Instead of poisoning their husbands, wives watched over their health and tried to keep them alive as long as possible.

The broadest definition of a deadly poison is any substance which, taken into the system, will cause death. The number of such substances is astonishingly large, including some of our regular articles of diet. Nobody thinks of common table salt as poison, yet many a man has been killed in killing himself by eating a pound of it. It is one of the most disagreeable methods of suicide, but it can be managed.

Dentists have long used gold in the mouth because the solid metal is so strong and non-poisonous. Yet the Chinese, with the Oriental's perverted genius, discovered an elegant, expensive and high-bait way of killing them by making the gold leaf, much superior to the poor cook's method of diving down somebody's well.

Right in modern times that dreadful golden thread, the Chinese Drowner-Emperor Tzai, having gotten tired of keeping prisoner her nephew, the Emperor Kwang, sent the chief eunuch of the palace to him with a box of opium pills, a package of gold leaf and a silken string. The eunuch left these on the table and informed the Emperor that these gifts were from the Honorable Daughter of Heaven, with her compliments; that he would be back in three hours, and that meanwhile the doors of the chamber would be guarded.

That was all, but Kwang took the hint. He knew that if the chief eunuch found him alive on his return he would strangle him with the silk cord. The Emperor ate the opium pills, and three hours later, while not yet dead, was sufficiently near it to make the strangling unnecessary. Had he "swallowed the gold" death would have been quicker, but more painful. The method is to hold a sheet of the gold foil across the open mouth and suck in the breath. This draws the foil into the windpipe and causes strangulation.

The poisons which have fascinated men and women since the earliest days have been those that could be used to kill other persons, against their wishes, and if possible, without anyone suspecting how it happened. Flint arrowheads and spear-heads, attributed to the paleolithic age, have been found deep in the soil of caves of France. In these flint-heads depressions have been carved, with great pains, and could have been for no conceivable purpose except to hold some sort of poison, just as arrows still in the stone age stage have done right up to modern times.

Undoubtedly the cave man did not invent poison, but discovered it by accident, in the form of blood-poisoning. He found that a clean arrow or spear head had to make a wound in order to kill, but that one on which the blood of a man was smeared had been allowed to dry caused sickness and death, even from a small wound.

The process, however, was too slow to develop a battle and was useless in hunting. Could some other "magic" be found which would work faster? This was what the cave man wanted, and he found it in the small bite of certain snakes, and, now that

the cave man had the clue and experimented, he found that the snake's "magic" was in a little fluid that could be squeezed out of its fangs. That may have been what was in the depression of those flint, made half a million years ago. But there were infinite other possibilities, as shown by modern savages. Livingstone, the explorer, reported that African Bushmen of the Kalahari District poisoned their spears and arrows with venom from a caterpillar called "Gya."

The Pygmies of Central Africa treat their arrows with something so deadly that they claim to have killed an elephant with a single arrow. Early man's discovery of vegetable poisons was probably by mistake. In his search for herbs with magic healing qualities, some of his experiments went wrong so impressively that he saw they could be used to kill, which was about as profitable from a witch doctor's point of view.

The Malays seem to have "developed murder by poison" to far greater lengths than those world-champion assassins, the Borgias. They are not only experts in plain and fancy murder, but know how to poison certain parts of the body without injuring the rest. Witnesses for the State often turn up at trials without any voice and therefore unable to testify, on account of some mysterious poison that makes them dumb for a month or more, but seems to do no permanent harm.

Much has been said of the Borgias' poison-ring, but the Malay's poison-knife is quite as ingenious. The Borgias poisoned the food and wine, while the Malay's poison-knife was used, which was easy. But the Malay will poison your food right under your nose while you are eating.

The trick is in the knife. One end is clean, but the other, usually the right side, if pointed straight ahead with edge down, is covered with an invisible film of poison. The Malay poisoner will take a melon, gripping it by the handle with his left hand, and with the right hand, which he is going to eat, and cut in two. The poisoner will take a melon, gripping it by the handle with his left hand, and with the right hand, which he is going to eat, and cut in two.

Everyone in civilized countries has been shocked at stutes, the ancient custom of India that a widow must burn herself with her husband's funeral pyre. One of England's most troubles was the Indian custom of stamping out that abominable practice, and many have wondered how it ever came to be adopted. There was everything else, there was a reason. Far back, India, instead of being one of the most advanced nations of the world, was what, for that day, was considerable learning. Unfortunately, Indian wives became learned in the art of poisoning their husbands when they got tired of seeing them around, so skillfully that it was almost impossible to prove anything against the ladies. In desperation it was decided that a wife's life must end with her husband's. This was certainly true in the case of the Indian, but the expectation of life of married men, to say nothing of their peace of mind. Instead of poisoning their husbands, wives watched over their health and tried to keep them alive as long as possible.

In the sixteenth century some ingenious European craftsmen made a beautiful jeweled knife to be given as a present to someone who was thought to have lived long enough. The blade of this knife is on a pivot, so that the handle of the blade inside the hollow handle can move up and down. As soon as anyone used the knife pressure on the cutting edge caused the part of the blade within the handle to pop on three sharp-pointed pieces of steel, forcing them out of the lower part of the handle and into the fingers of whoever was grasping it. The moment he let go of the knife the little steel spikes disappeared into the handle again.

This device would cause three little punctures deep enough to draw blood, and if the spikes were covered with poison, as undoubtedly they ones were, that poison would get into the bloodstream. But what poison was used and whether it worked is unknown. This knife and many similar contrivances are described and a wealth of information about the tricks and mysteries of the poisoner's furtive profession through the ages are given by Dr. C. J. S. Thompson, curator of the Historical Section of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, in his interesting book, "Poisons and Poisoners," published by Harewood, London. It makes clear that while the modern poisoner has new and more powerful poisons at his command, chemical science has provided the law with almost every means of detecting the chemical assassin in his crime.

Several recent murders by administering microbes of deadly diseases were spoken of at the time as the latest thing in poison. As a matter of fact, this method is one of the very easiest. Natives of the New Hebrides Islands have the cheerful custom of dipping their war arrows in damp earth infected with tetanus bacilli. They know what they are doing, but are aware that this proceeding causes anyone wounded by these infected arrows to die of lockjaw. From the extraordinary knowledge of the natives, it is assumed that their equivalent in culture, our cave-man ancestors, were about as clever as the natives of the New Hebrides. Poisons were found on that cowardly form of murder, and with better weapons it was no longer needed in the hunt. Yet there was always a certain amount of it, and in Asia a good deal.

The Egyptians knew many poisons, including arsenic, antimony, copper, vitrol, lead, verdigris, opium, mandrake and praeasie acid. The knowledge, however, was not needed in the hunt, but in the secret of the priesthood, so that the layman knew little about it. Poisons were used in Egypt for executions. An ancient papyrus scroll in the Louvre in Paris contains a "recipe" for poisoning.

The name of IAO, under which the poisoner IAO is believed to be Yahveh, God of the Hebrews, the Jehovah of the Bible.

The Egyptians, probably the first to discover the process of distillation, had found that peach pit, when ground up in water and distilled, produce praeasie acid, which even today rates high as a quick poison.

Dr. Thompson states that the Hebrews, in ancient times, knew crude arsenic as "sam," acetic acid as "boschka," and that they understood the poisonous quality of ergot, which they called "som." In that almost unbelievable night of ignorance and superstition which settled down on Europe in the "Dark Ages," among all the other forgotten wisdom of the ancients, was that of ergot. This ignorance caused hordes of Europeans to die of "St. Anthony's Fire" in one epidemic after another of self-poisoning from the ergot they were absorbing in bread made from diseased rye. It had to be discovered all over again, like most of the pre-Christian knowledge.

Mythology of the Greeks shows that they had considerable knowledge and experience with poisons in their prehistoric past. Mostly the poisoners were villains and villainesses, such as Medea trying to poison the hero Theseus, and the Centaur and the poisoned child that killed Hercules. The most famous case of Greek poisoning was the execution of Socrates. The official poison for executing condemned men in the Athenian State was hemlock, called cicuta, a plant whose seeds were pounded in a mortar as the first step in preparation.

How widespread the use of poison was in the department of poison is shown by the rather slow and uncertain action of this, the best poison they knew. When a man was being put to death, the regulation immunity was not enough, and the executioner had to make more until paid. Nine were drachmed over for overtime.

Rome was quite far from murder by poison until about 200 B. C., when, as in India, an alarming number of patrician married men died in what was at first thought a new epidemic. Finally a slave informed Quintus Fabius Maximus that all these men had been poisoned by their wives with a new "medicine" that was having a great sale to married men. The noblest man of the nobles was arrested. On her tip twenty of the noblest men of Rome were arrested. Having admitted the drug to their husbands, the women were given the drug to their husbands, and after them 170 more were condemned in the same way. The poison experts of Rome were mostly women, of whom Lucretia was the most famous. She was a woman who had been condemned to death for a poisoning proved against her, but so great was her knowledge and skill that she was spared to devote her talents to more important murders.

Agrippina is said to have ordered her to poison the Emperor Claudius, which she did with a dish of mushrooms. But the Emperor's physician gave him emetics and he was getting better, when Agrippina ordered Lucretia to finish him off. This female fiend loaded a feather with the quick and deadly poison she knew, and, on the pretense of making Claudius vomit some more, tickled the back of his throat. That finished him.

Nero thought so highly of Lucretia that he founded a little school of poisoners when this professional murderer taught, so that Nero would always have an expert available in case something happened to his teacher. Nero used to collaborate with her in experiments. Before murdering Britannicus he made her demonstrate on a goat, which was so slow in dying that he ordered her to try a much stronger dose on a hog. This seemed correct, because the hog passed on after just about the time Nero desired. But when they gave it to Britannicus he fell back choking with the poison cup in his hand, which caused Lucretia to talk in Rome.

After that Nero made his test only on human beings, for which he used slaves, so nobody would criticize. With scientific carelessness, worthy of a better age, Lucretia and her master would test various dosages on men of the same height and age as the intended victim, until Nero could be reasonably sure how they would act.

All the good and evil ideas of the world eventually were brought to Rome and due to the way of Thibetius king acting poison suggestive of cynicism must have been available. A Roman noble accused of high treason was sent to swallow something and immediately fell dying at the feet of the senators.

Nearly anyone, asked to name the most abominable poisoners of all time, would probably give the Borgias. It should be said in mitigation that in the fifteenth century some famous murderers were famous for the same reason as was Pope Alexander VI, it had become the general habit and custom in the "Eternal City" to take without suspicion 50 doses of a combination of arsenic, antimony and corrosive sublimate. After he had died in great agony she bribed a footman in the employ of the brother who had poisoned all people in the family to bury them into their graves by the same poison. But at the last brother's death the doctor ordered an autopsy, which showed signs of poison.

Still no suspicion would have fastened on the murderers if the man named Santo-Cris, had not died just then and left such elaborate warning about a box that must be delivered to the Marquis uponed that the authorities opened it. The box contained an assortment of poisons, formulas for their incriminating letters and other evidence which convinced the high-born and noble lady.

The Roman Emperor Nero and Lucretia Watching the Effects of Poison on a Slave.—From Painting by Sylvester.

latory for men on the way to commit a murder to stop at the church and offer a prayer for success in the deed. The favorite poison of the Borgias is said to have been phosphorus, which they knew how to prepare themselves. Alexander is described as of kingly appearance, Cesare as handsome and his sister Lucretia as beautiful. Together they were a trio nobody dared attack. To be invited to dine or even drink a glass of wine with the Borgias, for anyone of wealth or who might be in the way of the Borgia designs, was considered a death warrant.

To accept meant poison, but to decline was an affront which would justify other more open means of attack. Yet sometimes, when several cardinals or other influential people were invited at the same time, they had the courage to insist that the banquet be held at the house of some friend that they could trust not to poison them.

It is said that Alexander died and Cesare was brought almost to death's door from taking poison meant for someone else. There is, however, quite as much reason for thinking that they both were victims of Roman fever, which was raging in the city at the time. Alexander's death broke the Borgia grip. Cesare's enemies became too strong for him. He left Italy and was killed leading soldiers in a small battle, and Lucretia died in childbirth. Of this dreadful family a respectable branch remained in Spain and is there today, still respectable.

The famous Borgia ring, which many think contained a poisoned needle to penetrate the flesh of any hand that touched it, really was only a piece of glass. It was a poison. It is said that the Borgias would pour themselves and their guests a glass from the same earthen and then, in passing the glass over to the next person, the poison from the ring. But for the most part the Borgias did their murders in a more easy and obvious way. The poison was mixed with the food or drink in the kitchen, where it could be done right, and then was placed before the doomed victim by another reliable messenger, well paid to make no mistake. None of the Borgias tricks would work today, and they did not fool the public then, but none dared to say anything to the contrary.

By the time of Queen Elizabeth poisoners in Italy had become so numerous and adept as to be known as the "Italian School." Elizabeth warned not to take any physic from Dr. Gifford because he had just come back from Rome and might have become "Italianized." As far back as 1561, not only was every dish for the Queen tasted beforehand, but even her handkerchiefs, gloves and linen were scrutinized with the utmost care and for a while she was doled with precautionary antidotes. All this worry and suspicion culminated, during 1594, in the trial and execution of Dr. Rodrigo Lopez, a physician who had come to London from Portugal and attained such fame that Elizabeth made him one of her court physicians. Elizabeth and the elements had destroyed, was her mortal enemy and Spanish spies were being continually rounded up in England.

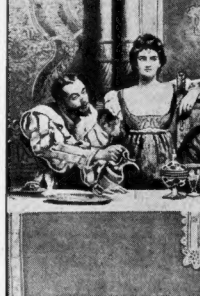
Investigating one of these spies, it was found that he had been a guest for some time of Lopez. This first cast of suspicion fell on the Queen's doctor. Elizabeth refused to believe anything but the wrong of the Portuguese and the wrong of the Spaniards. She would not have him arrested or even questioned. But the Earl of Essex had the means to murder her husband and all letters to and from it intercepted. In the end they found that Lopez was a corresponding spy of the King of Spain and finally arrested him with several other spies.

The other conspirators, confronted with incriminating letters and encouraged by a little torture, confessed that Lopez had agreed with the Spanish King to murder Elizabeth, by putting poison in her syrup, for the sum of 50,000 crowns. As a sort of advance payment the King had sent him quite a fortune in jewels, including one very large and valuable ruby.

From the Tower of London Lopez confessed that he had made such a deal, but had never meant to carry it out. It was his intention, he swore, when he had gotten the rest of the 50,000 crowns from the King, to turn out with a jury. He was convicted and sentenced to death. In 1578 all Paris turned out to see Marguerite d'Angbray, Marquise de Brinvilliers, in her bare feet and with her rump around her neck, descend from a cart in front of a church in the city and publicly apostatize to God, the King and the law for murdering her father, her two brothers and attempting to murder her husband by giving him small doses of arsenic. But the Marquis was suspicious, crimed his feet with care and eventually died more from the effects of the antidotes he had taken than from her poison.

To her dismay he left her very little money, so she determined to get the fortune on her own side of the family. First she worked on her father, getting him to take without suspicion 50 doses of a combination of arsenic, antimony and corrosive sublimate. After he had died in great agony she bribed a footman in the employ of the brother who had poisoned all people in the family to bury them into their graves by the same poison. But at the last brother's death the doctor ordered an autopsy, which showed signs of poison.

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"A Cup of Wine With Cesare Borgia."—From Painting by the Honorable John Collier.



Lopus, the Court Physician, Conspiring to Poison Queen Elizabeth.

Models Taught by a Wooden Mannequin

Professor Ahlberg, of Berlin, Fails to Find Any Actress, Dancer or Other Woman Well-Proportioned and Graceful Enough to Teach His Students How to Wear Dresses, So Turns to Specially Designed, Jointed, Life-Sized Dolls to Train Them



A Group of the School Graduates Interestingly Watching, Probably, Others Being Taught By the Wooden Mannequin.

BERLIN, Feb. 18. — A WOODEN doll can teach a fashion mannequin how to walk, posture, gesture and wear clothes better than any living instructor, decided Professor Max Ahlberg, of Berlin, three years ago, after making a careful study of the best way to "educate" a fashion model who would make the dress she wore appear even better than it was, and extract the last reluctant dollar from the purses of women buying the latest fashions. There must have been something sound in his idea, because every year he turns out from his school one hundred graduates who are equipped up by the European dress creators as the most efficient "clothes-horses" they have ever had.

Professor Ahlberg reasoned that the purpose behind showing dresses on models was to make those who saw the dresses buy them. A dress, hanging on a hook, is not very seductive, just a combination of cloth, silk, lace and what not. Put a girl inside it, and the dress has character—women could see how it looked on them. Therefore the mannequins, the dresses made the mannequins look nice, but if they did not walk just right, or did not know how to wear the dress, then the whole idea was spoiled. Why not train fool-proof mannequins who, instead of being just girls when a dress made more attractive, would give added attractiveness to the dress?

If one could get a Helen of Troy or someone of her kind to show the models just how to walk and act in the way that caused Venus to pick her out as the ancient world's most "perfect 36," one wouldn't need a wooden doll. But Helens are scarce.

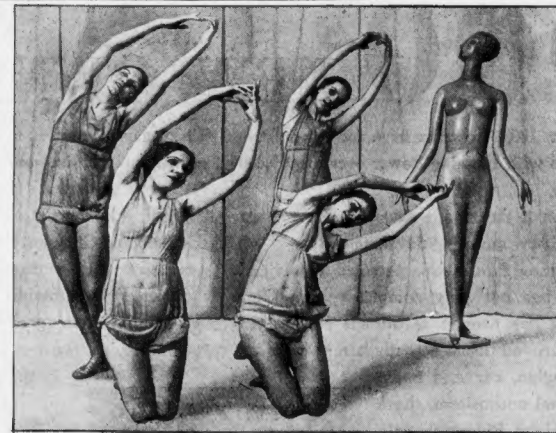
Professor Ahlberg went over a mass of specifications of general women material. They were the best Berlin had, but none of them touched anything like perfection. Nature, he sadly concluded, rarely shapes the human body proportionately. Either the shoulders were too broad for the hips, or the reverse. The legs too short, or the arms and trunk too long. None of them would do, he concluded, as a perfect teacher of models.

Then he looked over the actresses. If anyone would know how to walk and show off a gown properly, surely a woman trained for the stage would. But no, regretfully, Professor Ahlberg found the same faults in them as he had in the others. They were no better proportioned, and while they were self-possessed and had poise and could walk better, they had that same fault of not being able to make a dress appear at its best, or better.

Then Professor Ahlberg looked over the dancers. He found them almost hopeless. This was because they could not seem to learn how a mannequin should walk. They had their toes too much and could not be broken of a dancing gait.

Professional beauties were entirely out of question, because their sole interest was not in showing off dresses but showing off themselves.

That being so, he went back to his original idea. He had the best artists make him some jointed wooden dolls, life size, of exactly the proportions he



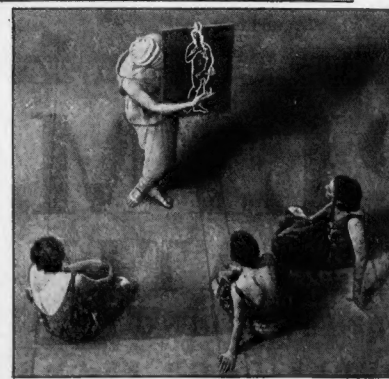
Another Group of the Pupils Practicing Exercises for Perfect Poise and Muscular Harmony While the Wooden Mannequin Stands by Ready to Assume, Eternally, Any Fashion for Their Guidance.

wanted. After he had gotten his perfect wooden dolls, Professor Ahlberg experimented with them and reduced their posture to about thirty positions. These he called "typical poses."

Out of every hundred girls who apply to his school, which is called the Mannequin Lehrinstitut, only about five pass the severe tests. Those accepted are taught to study every detail of the poses of the wooden doll. The head, the manner in which the hands are held, the peculiar balance of the hips when in walking position, and the position of the feet are all minutely observed and imitated.

Each one of the "typical poses" must be thoroughly learned, and each girl must be able to go through them at command, as a soldier does military evolutions. When she walks over the platform of a fashionable studio later, she must be able to swing her body into these various postures with the greatest ease and without any perceptible effort.

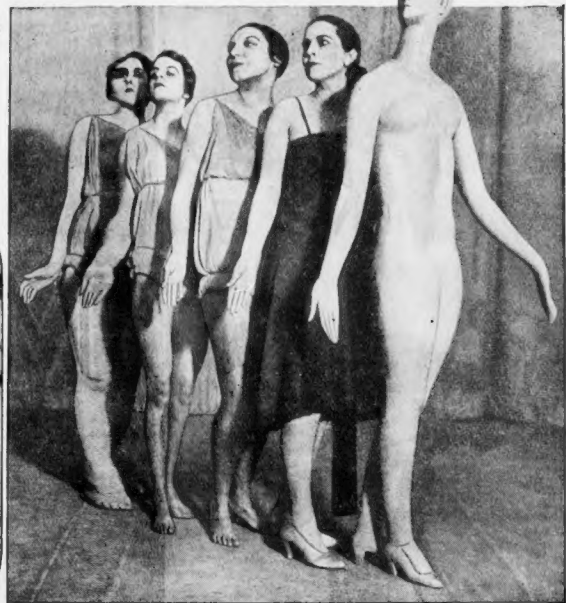
By studying the manner in which a gown is draped about the wooden doll, which represents in every respect a perfect figure, the student mannequins are taught to arrange their gowns in a similar manner in the way most advantageous to the gown.



Pupils Being Given a Lesson in Grace and Posture From Simplified Drawings of the Wooden Mannequin's Attitudes.

"Mannequins," he says, "really are born. No amount of training can make a girl graceful if she lacks certain proportions. Therefore, I take only those who conform most closely to the proportions of my wooden dolls. For example, every girl who is accepted in our school must have a waist of ex-

actly 91 centimeters, or 35.82 inches. The shoulders always must be 8 centimeters, or 3.14 inches, narrower than the hips. In Paris, the requirements are different, and if I am training a girl whose ambition is to show dresses there, the waist line must measure 86 centimeters and the shoulders exactly



Four of Professor Ahlberg's Students Imitating One of the Thirty "Typical Positions" of the Wooden Dolls By Which He Teaches Them How to Walk and Move Gracefully and to Show Off Dresses to the Best Advantage.



Two of the Ahlberg School Pupils Learning to Walk Gracefully.

75 centimeters—or, to use the American system, a woman with a 34-inch waist must have 30.7-inch shoulders. The difference of a small part of a centimeter, and 2.54 centimeters make an inch, may disqualify a girl for entrance at the school.

"How important this is practically is shown by something that occurred recently. A French fashion shop wanted to exhibit some of its latest models in Berlin. They telephoned to us, but we had to tell them that the German 'official' waist line is 91 centimeters, and if they would not pay my students to reduce it by 1.57 inches, as all the French clothes were made for a waist line of 86 centimeters, they had to bring their own mannequins."

"The majority of mannequins work only ten years of their lives, beginning at the age of 18 years." After ten years, superfluous flesh begins to settle around the body or the ideal proportion of waist and shoulders is lost, making these girls useless as mannequins.

"Naturally the profession entails considerable hardships. The model cannot eat what she wants to and must be continually watching her weight and measurements. The least change in proportion of waist or hips or shoulders can ruin her career."

"All walks of life and classes of society are represented by my pupils. I have just now the daughter of a German rear-admiral, a countess well known in society, a number of shop-girls, actresses, dancers and, in fact, society are represented by my pupils. All do not want to become mannequins. Many come to my school to learn how to walk gracefully and wear modern clothes properly. Very few women know how to walk and to use their hands gracefully. This we teach by our wooden dolls."

"The course of training in our school lasts four weeks and comprises forty lessons of two hours each. The girls are first taught to walk slowly, imitating the movements of the dolls, and with the utmost grace, to the accompaniment of music, which they are taught to forget. This is done to break them of the habit of dancing when walking. They must have absolute control of their bodies and be free from all outer influences such as music or the nervousness connected with walking before an audience of onlookers."

"The next thing we teach is to show every part of the dress as they stroll along. After all, the mannequin's supreme task is to make a dress look prettier than it really is."

The requirements of the American mannequin are the same as the French, says Professor Ahlberg. Both the waist and shoulders are the same, and also the weight.

The American mannequin, he thinks, is in some respects superior to the French—but this very superiority makes her inferior in another important way. She sometimes overdoes the dress she is showing.

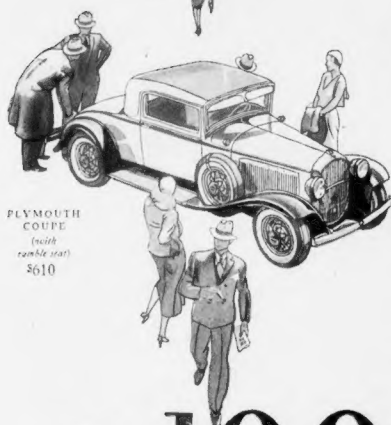
She is very graceful and possesses much personal charm," he explains. "One of her particular qualities is what is called superbly majestic poise."

"This peculiar poise, however, is misinterpreted frequently by the observer, who finds the American mannequin lacking in what he calls personal contact."

It is the duty of a good mannequin to add a distinct, personal touch to the clothes she is wearing. She must, if I may say so, personify those gowns she is showing. The buyer must be made to believe that every woman who wears that particular gown will look just as beautiful as the mannequin, and the effect can be attained only by an ingratiating, sympathetic personality.

"The American mannequin, in her majestic elegance, which, without a doubt, stands alone in the fashion world, does not always emphasize this quality. She is what we Europeans might term as being cold and a little too indifferent towards her public."

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How Science Knows What's in the Human Package by Studying the Wrapper

Brunette Children With Round Faces More Susceptible to Infantile Paralysis; the Shape of Your Shoulder Blades an Indication of Your Expectancy of Long Life; Tall, Thin Persons Differ Mentally and Physiologically From Short, Stout Ones

The Three Types of Shoulder Blades: The Upper Pair Are Convex, or Bowed Outward; the Middle Pair Are Straight, and the Lower Pair Are Concave, or Bowed Inward. People With Convex Shoulder Blades Have the Best Chance of Long Life.

IT has been asserted that "gentlemen prefer blondes"; and, if this turns out to be true, it is not impossible that science may tell us exactly why the blonde attracts men who have acquired the social veneer. The scientific explanation may be discovered and made plain, just as any instructor in physics can make it perfectly clear to every boy and girl in his class why a magnetic needle is attracted to the North Pole.

Many truly astonishing discoveries have recently been made about peculiarities of men and women and children, and the sexes. To be a blonde or a brunette has a deeper significance than the color of hair, skin and eyes; to be a round-faced, heavy-built man like President Hoover may mean a good deal more than the mere fact that he is that "type"; if a member of the family seems to see, smell or taste things the others do not perceive, he is not to be laughed at, for science now recognizes that different people live in different worlds of sense perception.

Nothing has more earnestly interested medical men in the past few years than the epidemics of infantile paralysis. The closest observation has been focused on every phase of this diabolical disease and an extraordinary discovery has been reported. Dr. George Draper, professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University, declares that infantile paralysis more commonly attacks children who are brunettes, who have mongoloid eyes, whose skin is deeply pigmented, whose faces are wide and eyes widely separated, whose teeth are irregular, and who have deficiencies of certain glands.

"So far as the paralytic symptoms of poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) are concerned, the child is more important than the virus of the disease itself," Dr. Draper asserts. Certainly an astonishing revelation. Who would have supposed that the little blue-eyed, doll-faced child with flaxen hair and blonde skin had a better chance of escaping without a paralyzed leg, arm or neck than her little schoolmate with a round, wide face, irregular teeth and dark skin?

While it is perhaps still true that "beauty is only skin deep," science is beginning to find out that the contents of the human package can be fairly well guessed by studying the wrapper that encloses it.

Another example also reported by Dr. Draper is that of three individuals who happened to lie at one time in one ward in a New York hospital, all three suffering from the same disease, an ulcer of the stomach which had ruptured and caused serious illness. These three individuals, Dr. Draper reports, were so much alike that they might have worn the same clothes or have been disguised easily to be mistaken for each other. Even the measurements of their bodies used by scientific men to distinguish races and bodily types were almost identical.

Yet these three persons were not

Science Finds That Other Things Being Equal, Third Girl From the Left Has the Greatest Expectancy of Long Life. Her Shoulder Blades Are Convex. Left to Right, the Shoulder Blades Shown Are Straight, Almost Straight, Convex and Concave.

Dr. Draper and his associates believe to be especially important in diagnosis. There exists, he believes, a tall, thin type of person who is abnormally susceptible to the disease that afflicted these three individuals, ulcer of the stomach. When a person of this type comes into a doctor's office with symptoms which might be interpreted as indicating an ulcer, it is very probable that he has one. If the complaining individual, on the other hand, is short and thick or of some other bodily type not usually susceptible to stomach ulcer, the probability is that his stomach and other symptoms are explained by something else and that no ulcer exists.

Dr. Albert G. Hahn of the Trudeau Sanatorium for tuberculosis patients at Saranac Lake, New York, is authority for another such external sign of actual disease instead of a mere tendency toward it. The victim of tuberculosis will develop a peculiar kind of small pits or depressions on the fingernails, Dr. Hahn finds. To avoid right-thinking some people who fear tuberculosis but do not have it, it is necessary to add that many kinds of spots and depressions on the fingernails may be caused by minor injuries, like unskillful manicuring. Yet, Dr. Hahn believes, the one special kind of fingernail pits are very significant to the eyes of a skilled physician, who will know how to distinguish this special fingernail appearance from other types and how to evaluate other signs of the suspected tuberculosis if any are present.

In a special kind of disease of the bones, often ending in such extreme bone softening that the bones break or become deformed, one of the first signs of the disease is a tendency of the

white parts of the eyeball to turn blue in color, physicians long have known. Like the bronzing of the skin which indicates one of the serious kinds of gland disease or the blue color of skin and lips characteristic of lead poisoning, this bluing of the eyeball long has been regarded as one of the most useful symptoms of the disorder which it denotes.

Even more directly an indication of something wrong, it was urged a year or so ago by Professor H. Pistor of the University of Jena, Germany, is the occasional habit of school children to carry their heads tilted a little to one side instead of straight up. This is very likely, Professor Pistor has found, to indicate that the child has some defect of the eyes, frequently unsuspected by anybody. Probably such a defect is small and can be corrected by glasses or may even be outgrown if properly treated in childhood. The sideways tilt of the head always requires that the child's eyes should be examined at once by an expert to make sure what is wrong and to correct it if possible.

A Japanese physician, Dr. Tamaoki of Tokio, has been reported by the American Medical Association as having made a still more remarkable observation about child health. Long eyelashes on Japanese babies indicate bad health and a serious danger of disease. At the age of one month, the findings are, a healthy Japanese baby usually has eyelashes about one-fifth of an inch long.

During the next year they grow, in healthy children, to be about one-fourth of an inch in average length. This is all right and indicates continued health. If the eyelashes grow, however, to be three-eighths of an inch or more

The Length of the Eyelashes of Japanese Babies Is an Indication of the Child's Health. If the Eyelashes Become Too Long, the Infant Is Likely to Get Ill.

Tall, Thin Persons Like Katharine Burke Are Known as "Asthenics" and Differ in Their Susceptibilities to Certain Diseases From the Short, Stout, "Pyknic" Type, Such as Mme. Tetrazzini.

length during the first year, this is Dr. Tamaoki's danger sign. Such children are exceptionally likely, he finds, to become ill, although just why this is true no one knows. A quite different but equally general danger sign of illness is to be found in the shape of one's shoulder blades. It has been concluded by Dr. William W. Graves of St. Louis University. These bones, Dr. Graves reports, may differ their inner edges, next to the spine, either straight like a ruler, bowed outward so that they are convex, or bowed inward and called concave. Ordinarily, no one sees the shoulder blades of his fellow men, although those of one's fellow women may be in evidence in dinner gowns or bathing suits. To the physician, however, these bones are recommended by Dr. Graves as an important and significant sign.

The straight type and the concave or inwardly bowed type are commoner in young people, Dr. Graves states. The convex, outwardly bowed type is commoner, on the other hand, in older people. At first Dr. Graves and his associates suspected that perhaps something was changing the shape of people's shoulder blades as they grew older, but this was found not to be the case.

The explanation finally adopted was entirely different. It is that the people with straight or concave edges to their shoulder blades are more subject to disease and die off at younger average ages than the individuals the edges of whose shoulder blades are bowed outward to be convex. Attention to these shoulder-blade shapes in young people, in hospital patients or in persons who seem generally below par in health may enable a physician to decide how serious an illness is likely to confront him or how the patient must be treated to preserve his health.

Dark-Haired, Round-Faced Children Like the Upper One Are More Liable to Be Afflicted With Infantile Paralysis Than the More Delicate-Looking, Fair-Haired, Doll-Faced Youngsters, as the One Shown in the Lower Picture.

The whole shape of the body has been used, also, especially by the distinguished Dr. Ernst Kretschmer, as an indication of what kind of brains may be expected inside the human package. Two chief types of people are distinguished by Dr. Kretschmer and the others who have followed his views: a short, thick type of person called a "pyknic" and a long, thin, slender type called an "asthenic."

Not only do these two types differ in susceptibility to different diseases, like Dr. Draper's conclusion that the longer and thinner people are more likely to get ulcers of the stomach, but it is believed that the two contrasted types are likely to be different mentally. The short, thick people are more likely to be interested in things outside themselves, while the mental interests of the long, thin type are likely to turn inward. Some German experts maintain that it even is possible to predict, from the body shape alone, what particular kind of mental disease will develop in individuals of these two types whose mental machinery shows signs of breaking down.

There is nothing mysterious or unnatural about these relations of disease or mental type to the shape of the body. The probable explanation of the relationship, it is asserted by Dr. E. Miller of London, in his book on "Types of Mind and Body," is merely that the body shape, the type of mind and probably many features of susceptibility to disease, all are determined during years of growth and thereafter by the functioning of the different bodily glands. One set of gland relations produces a short, thick body; another set a long, thin body. At the same time these gland relationships are believed to create the mental differences which are observed and the differences in repelling or falling victim to disease.

Another German expert, Dr. E. Schlesinger of Munich, goes so far as to maintain that the short, thick type of person is superior in every bodily way to the taller, thinner types. Not only do the thin folk fall easier victim to digestive disorders, which matches Dr. Draper's many observations on stomach ulcers, but Dr. Schlesinger believes that no other diseases also attack the thin individuals more than the thick ones. Most know why this is so, but

it has been suggested that the difference lies in ease of blood supply to the body. The thick individuals presumably have slightly thicker and larger arteries and veins than the tall, thin ones. Accordingly, it is not improbable that the blood flows more easily through these larger pipes and supplies all of the organs with a faster and fresher stream of this life-giving fluid.

In Saint Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C., which is the United States Government's chief hospital for the insane, still another application of diagnosis of the inside of the human package from the outside has been made. Here motion pictures have been made of the facial expressions, bodily movements and so on of insane people of different types, of persons suspected of becoming insane and, for comparison, of normal human beings.

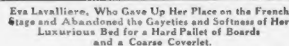
By study of these permanent records of a case, available for re-examination even after the mental state of the individual concerned has improved or grown worse, the experts hope to learn how to discover signs of beginning mental disease in face or body long before anything of the kind is visible in ordinary ways. This may give time to work a cure.

Finally, it was discovered some months ago by Dr. Albert F. Blakeslee of the Carnegie Institution that different people may differ markedly in their abilities to taste different chemical substances, just as it has been known for years that people differ in their abilities to see different colors, some of the extent of being actually color blind. Just why some persons are thus "blind" to some of the chemicals tried by Dr. Blakeslee and afterward by others no one knows, nor what relations these differences may have to other bodily characteristics or to susceptibility to disease.

It is certain, in any event, that the medical profession will be paying more and more attention to these differences in the human wrapper during the next few years. Some day it may even come about that a doctor, instead of taking his patient's temperature or counting his heartbeat, will make the diagnosis by photographing his nose or measuring the angles of his shoulder blades. What is still more important to mankind, physicians may be able to study the outward appearance of persons who are not yet sick and to warn them what diseases to watch for and what conditions of ill health to consider the most dangerous.



Once Queen of the Petted Butterflies of the Gaiety
Wealthy Profligates Matched Their Fortunes,
Attracted the Great Sculptors and Painters,
Forgotten in Her Pitiful Plight



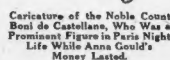
(Continued from Last Sunday)

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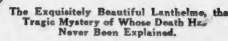
My Prince was a bold suitor, he literally lifted me off my feet, and when his wife considerably removed herself (or, as some said, was

The Cover of the Catalogue Listing Mlle. Debrige's Art Treasures, Jewels and Antiques in the Auction Sale.

I had always
famous "Queens of
this opportunity to
acter" for my woul



Gladys was well known in the world of pleasure, and she was one of Boni de Castellane's especial confidentes, for that dear Boni often joined us in the Bois, and afterwards repaired to Gladys' flat, where he regaled her with dismal histories of his married life with Anna Goul-



Mlle. Debrige now tells the story of her and her present plight is a moral lesson of striving for the things that are not worth

— I was absolutely carried away by my emotions and I gave orders that all the roses produced by such and such a bush be brought up, and I furthermore instructed the most celebrated artists in flowers to make a scented matras composed of thousands of rose petals, half a yard in depth, and to supply pillows similarly made. In the meantime skilled assistants transformed one of the rooms into a bower of roses. They trailed in perfumed luxuriance over innumerable arches, they exuded fragrance in huge vases. The walls were completely covered with roses.

"Woman" of Paris—

by French Capital, for Whose Favors
Whose Beauty of Face and Figure
Now
verty



The Famous Pavilion d'Armenville, Where Everybody Who Amounts to Anything Dined and Danced.



its before the
bedding scarfs
and fashions
From her
art works
in poverty.

she lacks even
the choicest
tricks of Paris
ful of chest-
for the day.
ors, and the
preserved in
idol of the
women are
much capital.
he novelist
my boudoir
door there
who would

a "Femme
me to their
desirable,"
and to spend,
loved. And
ad chance is
at the world
thing career,
sequence of

do room has been mitigated by the remem-
brance.

Blas veils of burning incense and aromatic
sums rose from the brazier, and mingled with
the ever deepening perfume. Evening had fallen
and the embroidered cloths of Heaven now glit-
tered in the darkening skies. V. was pre-em-
inently an artist, and I remember how he once
renewed his vows of fidelity while taking me
to inspect his estates on a glorious Summer
morning when earth showed the promise of a
ripe fruition. Acres and acres of corn fields
stretched around us, and the fancy seized V. to
alight and lose ourselves in the lovely waving
forests of corn. Presently we were well and
truly hidden, and seated on the trampled grain
we watched a lark soaring into the sky and lis-
tened to the wavelike murmur of the corn, as
the wind ruffled its surface. In that primitive
environment we might have been simple peas-
ants. The world called us and we did not hear
its voice.

But my happiness was short-lived. Two years
passed, and at last V.'s relatives called together
a family council with the praiseworthy motive
of cutting off supplies and forcing the prodigal
Prince to return to Rumania. This he refused to
contemplate, and as I could not entertain the
idea of a separation, I told him not to lose heart,
as we could easily live on my reserve funds. I
was a rich woman in my own right, and when
he loves it doesn't seem to matter what sacri-
fices one is called upon to make. Unfortunately
my sums only represented a drop in the ocean
of V., and when my capital disappeared I cheer-
fully sold many of my beautiful jewels.

I experienced the first shock of disillusion
when V. asked me to endorse a note for him. I
had already done my utmost and I always had a
rooted objection to such an obligation. Briefly,
I told the Prince that I did not see my way to
grant his request.

Upon hearing this V.'s face became distorted
with anger, he glared at me like a madman, and
then, taking a revolver from an inner pocket, he
cried:

"What, do you dare refuse? Sign or I'll blow
your brains out! don't you understand that it is
a question of honor? You shall die and I will not
survive my disgrace." As he spoke the Prince
placed the end of the revolver on my temple.
"Sign I tell you," he repeated.

I looked at him. At last I spoke, and my
voice sounded like the voice of a stranger.
"Listen," I said, "I'm only a woman. After
having given you every possible proof of my
love, you stoop so low as to threaten me. Alas!
I would be glad to die, and, if you are not a cow-
ard, kill me!"

He collapsed, threw down the revolver, knelt
before me and implored my forgiveness. And,
because I adored him, I forgave him freely,
weakly consenting to sign all the I.O.U.'s that he
required—a fatal and emotional promise which
led to my becoming responsible for nearly a mil-
lion francs.

To add to my bitterness of heart he next de-
manded the return of all the presents which he
had given me, and in the heat of mutual recrim-

which glowed like flames in the
semi-obscurity.

An antique brazier stood in
the centre of the room and a
golden cage of doves was placed
in an embrasure of roses. Crim-
son rugs were laid on the sea
green marble floor, the scented
stillness was fantastic and un-
real, but exquisite. I have
often revisited it in my dreams,
and much of the agony of many
hopeless days in my poor little

nations much of love's glam-
our irrevocably vanished. A
little while afterward he was
recalled by royal command
and I never saw him again.

I waited a year for my fugi-
tive Prince, who I heard was
practically a prisoner in
one of his own castles, but,
prisoner or no prisoner, I be-
lieved that he would at any
rate honor his I.O.U.'s and
repay me the large sums I
had lent him.

Alas for my misplaced con-
fidence! I heard afterward
that the family council were
more watchful jailers than
any in the good old days of
the Bastille. V. was not even
permitted to write a letter,
and his correspondence was
censored or suppressed.
Gradually his captivity was
lightened by the introduction
of women, and in their com-
panionship my memory and
his obligations to me receded
into the back of beyond. It
is true that V.'s own charac-
ter contributed to this end,
for, as I have once said, many
Balkanites, like the Pekinese
dog, are in many respects a
mixture of the cat and the
monkey, and, in the case of
V., one might add the wolf,
which supplied the cruelty and treachery charac-
teristic of his actions.

During this hopeless period of waiting I
existed on the sale of my jewels, denying
myself alike to the public and the world of pleasure
which had adored me. The notes fell due—
the dates of acceptance and stamps had been
adjusted after I had signed them, so the money-
lenders had it all their own way. I was now
bankrupt of love, fortune and friends, and, when
I realized this, something snapped—I completely
lost courage to continue the struggle for life.

I determined to kill myself, and, remembering
that my poignant hour had passed on a bed of
roses, I elected to court death—my last love—
on another couch of flowers. As yet the vultures
had not descended on my home, so I was free
to relive the past in the silent rooms which had
once witnessed so much gaiety. But today no
birds flitted from tree to tree in the winter gar-
den, and no fountains threw their perfumed
spray over flowers and foliage.

Only my bedroom remained the same. The
peach blossoms still trembled when the air dis-
turbed their silken petals; the King's timepiece
noiselessly marked the now leaden hours, my
bathroom still glittered in silver and crystal. On
the floor above, the Prince's apartments were like
a tomb, my gowns hung like ghosts of beauty in
the great cedar clothes presses, and I wandered
through the brooding silence alone with my mem-
ories.

In my solitude I pondered over the careers
of many of the gay butterflies I had known, and
who had often visited my home and been my
guests at many gay parties. Some were still on
the crest of the wave of popularity and prospe-
rity, others had met adversity, and some had taken
themselves out of the world by their own hand.

I studied the marvelously beautiful portrait
of Lanthelme, which stood in a jeweled frame on
my library table. What, indeed, I wondered,
was the tragedy in this exquisite creature's life

"Once again I tried to court death, this time with a revolver, sitting before the long glass in
my bedroom. I had not the courage to destroy my beauty, and my pale, mirrored presentment
smiled, so it seemed, ironically at I fired.

"Something struck my corsets, there was a sensation of a blow partly turned aside, and a
bullet ricocheted into a Louise XV desk. I was not permitted to die. Heaven had decreed it,
my hour had not yet come, and, falling on my knees in a passion of repentant tears, I implored
divine forgiveness."

which determined her to plunge overboard from
her husband's yacht and take herself out of
the world in the full bloom of her youth, grace,
beauty and popularity?

But death was not the only alternative. I con-
sidered the case of the lovely, spirituelle Eva
Lavalier, whose fate, by some curious cynicism,
is reminiscent of that of her unfortunate name-
sake, the Lavalier who renounced the world
when the Sun King failed her. I do not know
which especial Sun King or what circumstance
contributed to Eva Lavalier's decision to say
farewell to the public who adored her and the
friends who loved her, and live in poverty and
seclusion. She renounced Paris forever, and in a
quiet corner of France the erstwhile beauty and
celebrity led as simple a life as any cloistered
nun and dispensed charity to peasants until she
died. From her bed of soft luxury she volun-
tarily sought a hard pallet of boards and a coarse
coverlet.

No, I could not live. I could not endure the
horrors of a drugged sleep and the torture of
waking, but death should woo me gently and
take me in his embrace like a tired child. I dared
not remember how greatly I still loved V., and

sometimes I repeated the pathetic cry of an un-
known poet:

"Now I alone, in silence and in pain,
Weep for the ache of well-remembered bliss.
For you, who never can return again,
For you, my Springtime, for your love, your kiss."

It was Springtime and Paris was again re-
born to love and laughter. The flower stalls at
the Madeleine were a glory of color and per-
fume, and I laid toll on their treasures. I pur-
chased pale freesias heavy with fragrance, hya-
cintus whose waxen bells were laden with heavy
odors, baskets of violets, rich in imperial purple
and distilling the triple essence of Spring.
Branches of lilac like white coral, from the
Riviera, and forced lilies of the valley and tube-
roses, completed the flowers in my paradise.

Presently the room of peach blossoms was
like a Spring parterre, and my bed was a sweet
confusion of freesias, hyacinths and violets. All
was now ready for the pallid wooer who drains
life's lips of their crimson, and who dissolves
ecstasy into nothingness, and I welcomed this
lover as a bride gowned in filmy laces, in white

King George Honors His Queen

Salote, Who Stands 6 Feet 6 Inches, Weighs 300 Pounds, Wears Ermines Under the Tropical Sun but No Shoes, Has a Traffic Cop but No Traffic, and an Army of 12 Soldiers With Wooden Guns, Becomes a "Dame" of the British Empire

QUEN SALOTE TUBOU, who is probably the largest queen in the world, rules over one of the most isolated groups of islands in the South Pacific. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child.

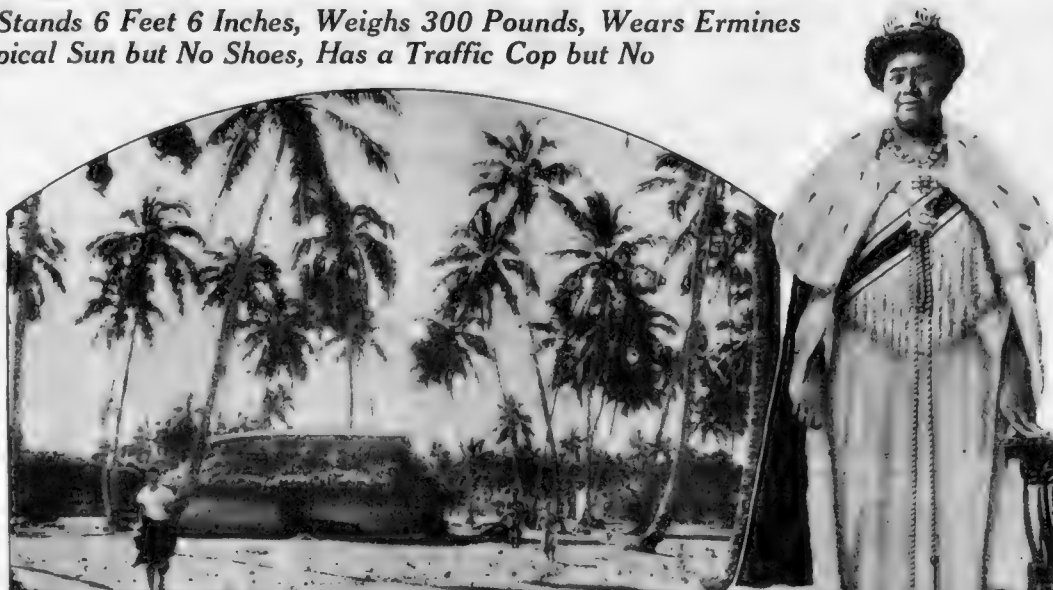
The new Dame Salote is the first of her race to be made a member of the British Empire. Her husband, the late King, was a member of the British Empire. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child.

Queen Salote is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child. She is a woman of 40, with a face that is a combination of the features of a giant and a child.

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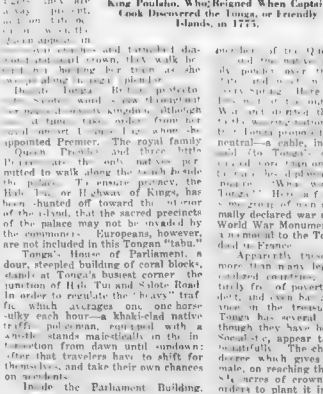
Typical Home on the Tonga Islands, Where Poverty Is Unknown and No One Worries About Taxes.



The Royal Palace, Just a Cool, Comfortable Two-Story Clapham House.



King Puleloa, Who Reigned When Captain Cook Discovered the Tonga, or Friendly Islands, in 1775.



The King and Queen of Tin Can Island, Subject Monarchs of Salote, Queen of All the Tongas.



Barbed Queen Salote in the Royal Palace. She Wears no Shoes, Despite the Blazing Tropical Sun.



The House of Parliament, Where the Telephone Pole Stands in the Distance, Tonga's Only Traffic Cop Directs Traffic at the Capital's Busiest Corner, Although an Average of Only One Vehicle an Hour Passes.



She had shown nothing of this during complex hours her royal father died. She was married with English than with her native Tonga. She possessed a great nobility; she had a husband in semi-European garments, and was considered the best dressed girl in Polynesia. Hardly had her father been laid to rest beside his ancestors, however, and she established on his throne, than her native insurance against starvation. At the death of the "owner" the land passes back to the crown, and is again divided out in like manner.

In spite of the completeness of her power, her extensive education in the schools of civilized man, the pomp and splendor of her rituals, Queen Salote suffers from a decided inferiority complex when in the presence of European men. Though her towers stand most of them physically, she still shrinks from them socially. This despite her 12 years, and her unquenchable intelligence.

Perhaps she feels the same sense of awe when in the presence of civilized men and his inventions that most primitive people experience. A classic example of this is the case of a noted chieftain of the Marquesas Islands who so revered the white man's talking machine that, when he acquired one, he decided that he must somehow show his respect for the queer object. Accordingly, he slaughtered four of his best counselors and set the machine upon their skulls; this, he considered was not only a proper tribute to the miraculous powers of the talking machine, but also the highest possible compliment to the counselors who were selected for this honor.

Queen Salote has no such fantastic ideas as this, but she does feel the same sense of inferiority before the foreigner's contraptions, though to a lesser degree.

When she does return to her palace, she walks about, not in the civil-ized dress she once affected, but barefooted and utterly comfortable in her nightgown. "Mother Hubbard," her beautiful hair falling in soft brown waves down her expansive brown back.

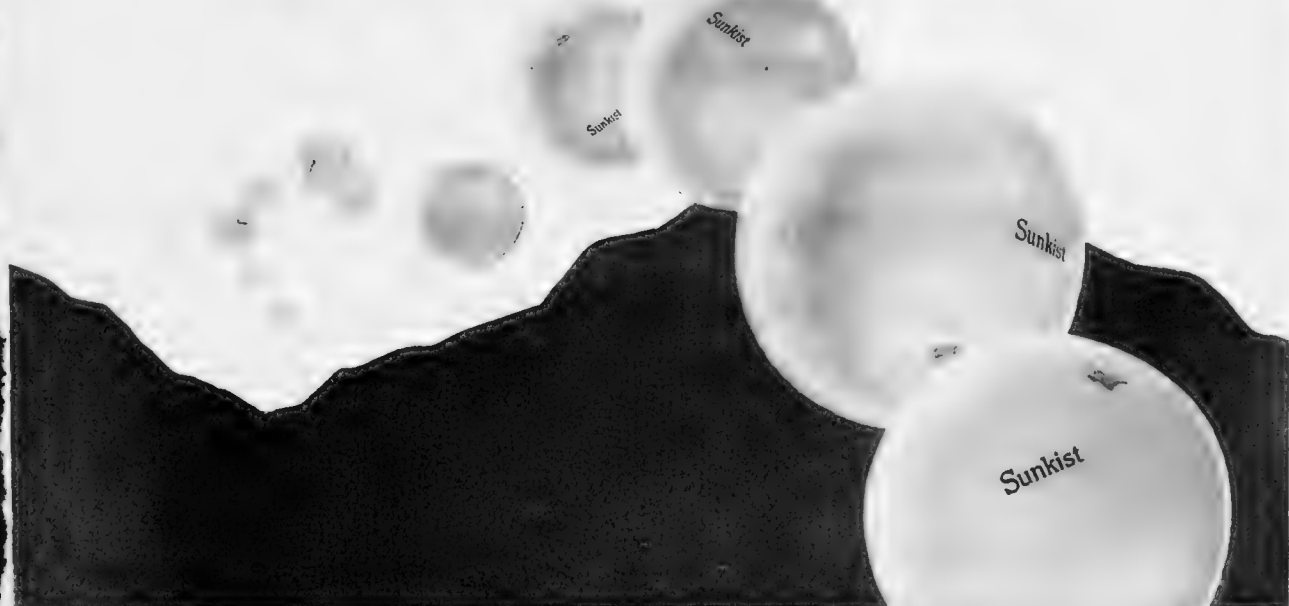
When in the company of her own people, however, Queen Salote regains her feeling of superiority, and shows it by requiring her subjects to enter her presence with their hips swathed with battle-red mats, as symbols of their humility.

It is hard to account for Salote's inferiority complex when you consider the stock from which she sprang. Her ancestors were all warriors and "sports," and seemed equally at home whether dealing with Europeans or Tongans.

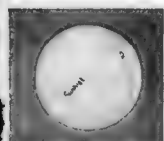
Her great-grandfather, King George Tubou I, was a fighter and philosopher as well. A fighter because he wrested control of the island from a half dozen warring chiefs, and a philosopher because he turned it from a lot of disorganized and uncivilized islands into a neat, compact little kingdom, with a flag, coat-of-arms, constitution, parliament, state church, taste for rardines and English breakfast tea, and the most luxurious palace ever seen in the islands. He proved his status as a philosopher by changing from cannibal to Christian—deciding, no doubt, that it was easier to be a Christian than to eat one. At any rate, it was more profitable, for, as Christians, the Tubou family has attained more power in 85 years of Tongan domination than in centuries before.

King George II did not need to fight for his rights, but he made up for it in other ways. Had he lived in America, he might have been known as a "hot sport," for he was fond of the galloping ponies, and raced his famous string of blooded horses throughout Australia. Despite these diversions, he had plenty of time to rule Tonga wisely, and to make profitable diplomatic connections. He was a great admirer of Great Britain, so much so, in fact, that in 1900 he voluntarily placed his kingdom under a British protectorate, and when, a few years later, his daughter was born, he ordered her brought up in an English Royal Princess and now she's a Dame Commander of the British Empire.

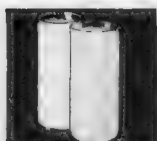
Now! CALIFORNIA SENDS YOU Big Juicy Seedless Oranges at new Low Prices!



At today's prices you cannot afford to go without
these delicious aids to health!



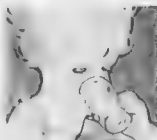
**Larger and Better
FOR EVERY USE**



**California Orange Juice has
DEEPER COLOR**



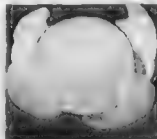
**Easier to Slice...
FOR DESSERTS**



**No waste...Safer for Children
NO SEEDS...**



**Easier to Segment
FOR SALADS**



**Easier to Peel...
BETWEEN MEALS**

NOT in years has there been such a fine crop of big, seedless Sunkist Navel Oranges.

And not in years have they been so reasonably priced. Because of the abundant supply you can buy them for what you used to pay for ordinary small oranges!

While these bargains last, make the most of this opportunity to serve your family the very best—every day!

Give better balance to your daily meals with tempting salads, fruit cups and desserts.

Preparation is easier with these larger, seedless Sunkist Oranges

Start days right with fresh Sunkist Orange juice. It is deeper in color, finer in flavor, and richer in important food elements

Before you buy, look for the Sunkist trademark on the skin and tissue wrapper. It guarantees you the pick of California's seedless oranges

Then order two dozen or more at a time. Your dealer gives an extra saving when you buy Sunkist Oranges in quantities.

Sunkist

JUICE-FULL

Oranges

Richer Juice Finer Flavor

WHY YOUR DOCTOR SAYS: "Eat Oranges Regularly!"

They help to balance your diet and to correct many common diet faults

There is experimental evidence that they tend to arrest tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea

And that they help build up resistance to respiratory infections

They help to prevent acidosis of both the acid ash and acetone types

They aid digestion by stimulating appetite

They contain essential minerals

They are a good source of vitamins A and B

They are an excellent source of vitamin C, having at least twice as much as apples, bananas, pineapples or tomato juice

IN FACT, some authorities have shown that a habit of drinking two or three glasses of orange juice with the juice of half a lemon, each day

Sends for the new booklet "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" Tells how to make more than 200 delicious dishes, many suitable for "reducing" menus. How to plan better-balanced meals. Menu suggestions. Novel servings for entertaining. Two ways to eat with the large oranges now so economical. Mail coupon now to Sunkist, Dept. 1702, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California

FREE! NEW RECIPE BOOK

Send for attractive new booklet, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day" Tells how to make more than 200 delicious dishes, many suitable for "reducing" menus. How to plan better-balanced meals. Menu suggestions. Novel servings for entertaining. Two ways to eat with the large oranges now so economical. Mail coupon now to Sunkist, Dept. 1702, Box 530, Station C, Los Angeles, California

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
☐ Check here if you wish to receive health booklet, "Fruit That is Good and Good for You"

The Spanish Lady By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Mr. Cobb, who was alone, had taken a room, being obliged, he said, to say so to his host. He had then left the inn on foot, without mentioning where he was going. At a little before seven Mr. Cobb had returned, eaten dinner and gone to his room. About a quarter past ten o'clock he had called for Mr. Tibbets, explained that Sir Evelyn Denbigh was to have met him there at ten, and asked if anything had been seen of him. Mr. Tibbets had replied in the negative, whereupon Mr. Cobb, who seemed very nervous and excited, had said that perhaps he had made a mistake, that Sir Evelyn might have meant to meet him at New Manor instead of the inn, and that he was going there at once. If Sir Evelyn arrived later he was to be so informed. Meanwhile Mr. Cobb asked Mr. Tibbets to lend him a pistol, saying that he would feel more secure, so he thrust at night. If he were seen, the landlord had to let him be, or, on the contrary, the same one, the pistol had found in the garden.



"You'll get out, along with the rest, Marson!" Mr. Stepfather exclaimed angrily. "Pack your things and go! I won't have you here another minute!"

father orders him out of the house. Mr. Cobb, who was alone, had taken a room, being obliged, he said, to say so to his host. He had then left the inn on foot, without mentioning where he was going.

neted with the sale of the property, or the mortgage money. It was not fit to mention these things.

there seemed no good reason why I should do so. The next witness, to my surprise, was not Richard, but a stout, middle-aged man I did not know, who turned out to be Mr. Samuel Tibbets, the landlord of the Royal Gaiety.

Mr. Cobb, he said, had arrived at the inn at five o'clock the previous day, having come down from London by train. Mr. Tibbets, who had very well, had known him for years as the manager of the Doughty estate.

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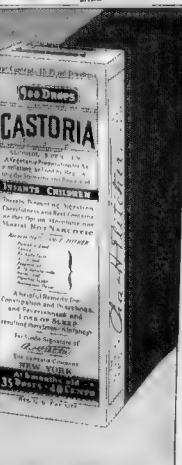
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Mothers... Watch Children's COLDS

COMMON head colds often "settle" in throat and chest where they may become dangerous. Don't take a chance—get the first sniffle rub on Children's Musterole once every hour for five hours.

Children's Musterole is just good old Musterole, you have known so long, in milder form. The famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other ingredients has been refined naturally. Musterole gets some because it is a scientific "counter-irritant"—not just a salve—it penetrates and stimulates blood circulation helps to draw out infection and pain.

Keep full strength Musterole on hand, for adults and the milder—Children's Musterole for little tots. All druggists. CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE



NOTHING HARMFUL NOTHING HARSH

just a pure vegetable preparation made specially for babies and children



When your child needs regulating you have one important thing to remember. The organs of babies and children are delicate. Little bowels must be gently urged—not forced.

This is why physicians and mothers depend on Castoria.

Castoria is mild enough for young infants. It is extremely useful in colic; relieves the pain and relaxes tense little bodies so that restful sleep may come. Mild as it is, it is unfailingly effective. Larger doses give equally good results for older children.

Read the Castoria formula on the carton shown above. Ask your doctor about it. He knows it is harmless, yet effective. No harsh purgatives, no narcotics, no harmful drugs in Castoria!

The next time your child has a little cold or fever or a digestive upset, give him the help of Castoria. You won't have to coax him to take it. Children like its taste, you know.

Keep a bottle or two on hand, and be sure you ask your druggist for genuine Castoria... it always has the name of Chas. H. Fletcher on the package.

Chas. H. Fletcher.

CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

JOAN: I could cry... married only a month and look at my "dishpan" hands—red as beets...

JOAN: But I have to do dishes...

DORIS: It's your own fault, honey!

DORIS: Your hands needn't show it! I use Lux for my dishes and my hands are as pretty as when I was married—two years ago! And the cost is a joke—less than 1¢ a day.

LUX for dishes



A daily BEAUTY CONTEST that includes you!

and Camay... the Soap of Beautiful Women... can help you win



Romance lives forever for the woman who keeps her natural loveliness! For every woman, life is a series of daily Beauty Contests! Beautiful skin makes eyes light up with admiration!



Get a dozen cakes of Camay—and use no other soap on that precious skin. Poor soaps can do a lot of harm. But Camay, so delicate, so safe, does the loveliest things for your skin!

The soap you choose makes all the difference in the world to your skin! Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—is a pure, creamy-white. It contains no coloring matter, it has no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is so exquisitely mild that 73 skin doctors give it unstinted praise! Buy a dozen cakes—today. Luxurious Camay lather, warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin is radiantly clean, soft and smooth. Eyes look at you and brighten. "What a lovely-looking girl!" You win one after another of the little Beauty Contests that every woman faces every day of her life!

CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women



CHAPTER XV.

REQUESTS can be pretty terrible affairs. I realized this more fully as the business progressed.

Mr. Hawley was next called to give his version. He had left Dr. Walpole with Mrs. Hawley, he said, about half past nine, and

gone down to the study to write some letters. Later—just how much later he could not exactly say—he had stepped to the door of the study leading to the garden to see if the rain had stopped, and on opening it had discovered a man crossing the upper terrace. He had at once gone out to investigate, and found Mr. Cobb. He had some words, he explained, concerning a business matter, and he had ordered Mr. Cobb off the premises. He had then returned to the house—soon after which Sir Evelyn Denbigh had arrived.

He had admitted Sir Evelyn himself, Mr. Hawley said, having just gone into the hall on his way upstairs, and a moment later I had interrupted them with my news of emergency in the garden. From that point on, Mr. Hawley's story corresponded with that of Dr. Walpole. Without being able to say why, I felt that during the early part of it he was not telling the truth. In reply to a question from the coroner, he said very frankly that his quarrel with Mr. Cobb had to do with his recent purchase of New Manor in which transaction Cobb had acted as Sir Evelyn's agent. He had even, he said, that he had been unfairly treated, which accounted for his anger toward Mr. Cobb. Purse, who was next on the stand, later told the story of his summons to the hall. Prior to that time he had been, he said, in his pantry, and had seen and heard nothing. He, too, was lying, I felt, although his account of what happened after Sir Evelyn arrived was clear enough. He had not heard Sir Evelyn ring, because he had stepped to the rear entrance for a moment, and then, hearing Mrs. Hawley ring, had gone to the front hall.

My own story, which came next, corroborated those which had gone before, so far as what happened after my arrival in the main hall was concerned. I said nothing of my suspicions, or the quarrel I had witnessed between Mr. Hawley and Mr. Cobb earlier in the day, of the conversation had overheard through the children's breast, or of anything con-

This Was A Happy Marriage Between Two Greasy

(Continued from Page 15)

...A hot little coat, green velvet with real ermine around the collar. It emphasized her plump cheeks. She turned on the spot, away, before the mirror. Well, she thought again, why not?

Down the gray carpeted staircase, up the stone steps of the Casino, she twinkled the jeweled heels of James's tiny girl slippers. A modern Cinderella going into a modern day of vice. Except that vice changes fashion so

rapidly. What's vice today is virtue tomorrow. So why worry, thought James, laughing softly and wistfully. It was good to be out.

The doorman sent her into the office to have her passport seen. The girl-like man behind the desk looked at her, then at it, most suspiciously. She didn't look twenty-one. He examined her passport from every conceivable angle.

"Why don't you try smiling?" Tell quite a lot from the smell of passport, you know.

"Dis passport says you and husband," he pointed out sternly. "Where are the husband's papers?" James signed more fully. "Dot does surprise me," said the man. And he gave James what must have passed for a glad eye in the good old days. He was quite sixty-five.

Soon he was admitted. A little door of excitement swung through her at the speed of thought. The glass-enclosed room for her by a uniformed attendant. Here she was at last!

In the private room, at Monte Carlo, James waited for his turn. He was waiting for his turn to see the doctor. He was waiting for his turn to see the doctor. He was waiting for his turn to see the doctor.

Everyone seemed to be taking their passport seriously. James, naturally, you saw some-thing, a doctor's assistant, laughing with her attention fixed on the passport of a blue chip on one of the tables. But she was the first to be whistled down James's ear.

He played for a time, doing what the others did. Passing sat on Rouge, Noir, Imperial or Pique. But, soon, that grew tedious. The old dowager began to be placing on numbers. James decided to copy her. When the woman placed on sixteen, James placed on seventeen.

When she placed on thirty, James placed on thirty-one. Not, at first, he admitted, with any terrible success. Then, wonder of wonders, "L'Espresso" called the crocheting James. James, though she had been staid. She was on thirteen.

"Nobly said. If only I could return the compliment," she gazed mockingly.

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like a bus conductor's whisked it away and gave her ten franc counters in its stead.

Well, if he sent a bright little lad for instant gratification—

"Shush!" the pearl-laden old dowager hissed in her ear.

"Like young people to enjoy their money, I suppose," said the dowager, with a look of triumph.

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A very immaculate young man, in full evening regalia. And handsome. But now, looking at him with more of a critical eye, she decided he wasn't so much a young man as a young man.

In an odd way, masculine beauty had for her come to mean some-thing very tall and broad with a low, broad nose and a wide, open mouth. It was a young man, she thought, who had a young man's face.

Meanwhile here was Kent Wilburn. He stood, smiling down at her. "Well, well, if this isn't a surprise, little James Jordan. All dressed up as though she won the first prize in the Irish Sweep-ings!"

James looked up, her eyes glancing mockingly, mimicking his tone. "And if it isn't the young man himself, himself, my big hero—a year ago!"

"Kent! throw back his head and laugh!" she said.

"The same, though I don't like the accent, it's a year ago!" she said. "You feel there's something odd, clumsy and unpleasant about the past. Here's to the future, my dear, you, James. Twice as beautiful as you were!"

"Nobly said. If only I could return the compliment," she gazed mockingly.

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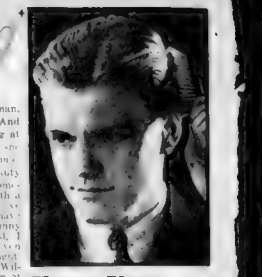
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Keeps Your HAIR NEAT

Rich-looking... orderly

If your hair lacks natural gloss and there, or is difficult to keep in place it is a very easy case to that rich, glossy, refined and... orderly appearance... so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair... once or twice a week, or after shampooing, and your hair will stay neat, clean, and just as you want it. Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—ever so gently—brush it into place in its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of that stiff and artificial looking as sticky lotions do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp neat, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its healthy, life-giving moisture.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like—whether brushed lightly or combed down flat. If you wash your hair to be down particularly smooth and tight, after using Glostora, simply run your hands over your hair with a large bottle of Glostora and a little as you wish.

Glostora FOR THE HAIR

He never noticed this BLONDE until

THAT memorable night when he looked as different—so lovely Her blonde hair glowed like a halo—spangled with brilliant golden lights. No wonder she won him!

Any blonde can make her hair irresistible by using Glostora. Simply use Glostora regularly. This special shampoo—a fine powder that bubbles instantly into a creamy, searching foam—puts new life and new beauty into dead, dull hair. Restores natural blonde color—without any expensive hair dyes or chemicals. Leaves hair soft—silky—manageable. For real hair all-day-after Glostora today. At all good drug and department stores.

A Clear Smooth Skin May Now Be Yours

If you suffer from pimples, blackheads, or any other skin troubles, you can now have a clear, smooth skin by using Resinol Soap. Resinol Soap is a special soap that cleanses the skin thoroughly, removing all impurities and leaving it soft and smooth.

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"NO KISS... until you wipe off that PAINT"

"THINK of my husband saying that! And he was joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

Have you that painted look? Perhaps you don't notice it yourself... Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on your lips.

Correct this fault at once. Don't even use ordinary lipstick again... from now on, Tangee your lips!

Tangee can't possibly give you that painted look. It isn't paint. It changes color on your lips to match your individual complexion. It lingers on your lips, never fades. And it's permanent—won't smear! It's cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Get Tangee at any drugstore or cosmetic counter. Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE
Send for Free Sample. Write to: Tangee Lipstick Co., 147 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.



Chances Mustn't Look Painted!
Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you. Tangee Rouge keeps your cheeks from looking painted. When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge. End that "painted look!"

Approved by
Cosmetic
Associations

THERE'S Zest in LIVING FOR PEOPLE WHO ARE REALLY WELL!



BEAUTY—Brightens, a clear, fresh skin, come naturally when you use Sal Hepatica. You've got sparkle, charm, you are no longer a person in a cave. Start taking Sal Hepatica now! Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're half-sick. If you really want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons and wastes with your clean, posidon-rich blood will give you a new pep and brightness. Keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

And drink down the bubbling mixture! You aren't taking "just another laxative." Sal Hepatica is a saline. It is a saline like the salines of the famous health springs of Europe, where doctors send wealthy patients to renew their vitality.

Sal Hepatica not only acts upon the digestive tract, but it clears away the poisons from the bloodstream. It combats constipation, colds, headaches, rheumatism, digestive disorders. Get a bottle today.

Still, she couldn't get over it. Of all people in the world to have been in these circumstances, Kent Wilburn! The bold, bad villain who once had almost wrecked her young life.

CHAPTER XI.
A Golden Ideal.

It was all wrong, of course. The hero's cue that, not the villain's. Still James couldn't grumble. He had got her out of a pretty tight situation. So, after collecting her counters, she looked for the man with the bus conductor's bag, changed them, back into real money. Then she wondered if she would deign to speak to Kent Wilburn again.

Still, she couldn't very well avoid speaking to him. She had no path through the lounge on her way to the outer door. There was Kent, indolently leaning against one of the white Corinthian pillars, smoking a cigarette.

CONSTITUTION
Whenever you wake up with any symptoms of constipation—like 2 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Promptly, gently, the wastes will be flushed away.

HEADACHE
To relieve the internal congestion which causes so many headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water and repeat in 15 minutes or not relieved.

COLDS
The first step in clearing a cold is to flush out the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Continue before breakfast to keep free of congestion.

BAD COMPLEXION
To keep the bloodstream clear of impurities that often cause blemishes, take 1 teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water—for a week, or as long as necessary.

RHEUMATISM
As soon as you feel the system with 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. Keep free of acidity by taking 1 to 2 teaspoonfuls before meals and retiring.

SAL HEPATICA 30¢ 60¢ \$1.20

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The Spanish Lady By Frederic Arnold Kummer

(Continued from Page 14)

perhaps a quarter of a mile by the main road—a ten minutes' walk.

Then Richard was put on the stand, and I gave a sigh of relief, for I expected everything would be cleared up. But I was wrong, although his testimony seemed frank enough.

He had come to Yew Manor the morning before, he said, immediately after breakfast, and had discovered that Mr. Hawley, who had contracted to buy Yew Manor from him through Mr. Cobb, was dissatisfied with his bargain. It was nice of Richard I thought, to put it so mildly; I remembered only too well the outrageous way in which my stepfather had insulted him. His first impulse, Richard went on, was to see Mr. Cobb, cancel the whole transaction, arrange for the return to Mr. Hawley of the money he had paid over, along with certain notes. In reply to a question by the coroner he admitted that he was under no obligation to do this, but if Mr. Hawley was dissatisfied with his purchase, he, Sir Evelyn, had no wish to hold him to it. He had immediately set out for London in his car, reaching Mr. Cobb's office during the afternoon.

On learning that Cobb, in response to a call from Mr. Hawley, had gone to Yew Manor, he had himself started back. While stopping for a moment on the way he had telephoned the manor, hoping to find Mr. Cobb there. When he had reached the manor, he had just left me had asked that word be sent to him to call on Sir Evelyn, would meet Mr. Cobb at the Royal Gallean at ten o'clock, at which hour he expected to arrive.

Five miles or so outside of Denham his motor had broken down, but he had hailed a stranger passing in his car, and had reached the Inn some fifteen minutes later. He had walked to the manor, taking the short cut by way of the beach, had mounted the steps at the cliff-rise, and started through the garden. Half way to the house he saw some one approaching him, carrying a searchlight; it proved to be Mr. Cobb.

He had at once told the agent what he wished done about the sale of Yew Manor, Cobb had objected, they had quarreled, had almost come to blows, after which he had gone to the house to see Mr. Hawley. Pressed for an explanation of this quarrel, he said he had accused Cobb of sharp practice in dealing with the value of the property. His final word to Cobb, he said, had been that the sale must be set aside.

He had then continued on to the house to inform Mr. Hawley of this fact. Since he could not well enter from the rear he had gone around to the front of the house, but had waited some time, night or day, without success, before ringing the doorbell, during which interval he had walked as far as the main gate and back. He was angry, he explained, and wished to compose himself, to make sure in his mind before seeing Mr. Hawley just what he meant to say. What asked what he did say, he replied that he could not remember exactly, but knew he had spoken rather forcibly about Mr. Cobb. Then the coroner asked Mr. Hawley if he could remember whereupon my stepfather replied that to the best of his recollection Sir Evelyn had said, "Cobb is a lying scoundrel! I've seen to it that he'll make no more trouble!"

Of course there was a great stirring of feet at this, and the members of the coroner's jury began to look very grave. I was ready to scream myself, then Richard explained that he meant he had given Cobb orders to cancel the sale, but it sounded rather weak. I got up at once, demanded to be heard, and I could tell Richard he crucified like this.

You had better ask Mr. Hawley about his fight with Mr. Cobb earlier in the day," I cried.

"Explain yourself, miss," the coroner said, grimly, calling for quiet. Mr. Hawley gave me a furious look but I paid no attention to him.

"When Mr. Cobb came to the house the first thing I saw him do," I replied, "Mr. Hawley refused to pay the notes he had given for the house, and demanded that Mr. Cobb return them to him. When he refused, Mr. Hawley attacked him, tried to take the notes from him by force. If Purvis and I had not been there Mr. Cobb's cries for help, and rushed in, Mr. Hawley would probably have succeeded in getting them."

"Do you mean to say, miss," the coroner asked me, "that Mr. Cobb had these notes of which you speak with him?"

"He must have," I replied. "I saw Mr. Hawley trying to take a package of papers from his pocket."

Well, of course, there was a lot more excitement then, but Purvis corroborated every word I had said. No doubt it looked queer, my efforts to give testimony against my stepfather, especially as no one in the room, outside of Mr. Hawley and my mother, knew that Richard and I were in love with each other, or even knew each other, for that matter. They might have known, had they seen the look he gave me, when I finished speaking.

The coroner rapped for order. "Since the jurors in question were not found upon the body of the accused, that they might have been taken by whoever murdered him, I shall adjourn this hearing until tomorrow morning, in order to give the police an opportunity to make further investigations. Just before he rose, a handsome woman, who had been sitting up and whispered something to him, and I heard a woman behind me say that she felt sure that the whatever else the police meant to do, I felt sure that the father's effects, and Richard's luggage at the Royal Gallean, would be thoroughly searched."

I think, if I had not spoken up when I did, the coroner's jury would have rendered a verdict of murder at Richard's hands, and would have been satisfied with at least for examination before a magistrate's court. He had apparently been in the habit of seeing Mr. Cobb alive. But my stepfather's attack on Cobb, his attempt to get into the house, notes, put a different aspect on the matter, especially as Richard had not attempted to deny my story.

He couldn't, very well, with Purvis to corroborate it. And remembering Richard's testimony—that he had waited several minutes after leaving Mr. Cobb, and before ringing the front door bell, I realized that during the interval there would have been time for either my stepfather or Purvis to go out into the garden, attack Mr. Cobb, kill him in spite of his futile attempt to defend himself with the pistol.

Richard, if he walked to the front gate and back, as he had, could not have been shot. I remembered, too, that Purvis had not opened the front door for him, but had appeared a little later, with mud on his shoes.

There was no motive on Purvis' part as there was on the part of Mr. Hawley to attempt motive, at least. Just what the real relations between Purvis and Mr. Cobb had been I was unable to say, but I could not forget how I had seen Purvis from my window, watching the door of the crypt in which Mr. Hawley was at work that morning, and the fact that my stepfather had accused him of helping Cobb in his schemes. Yet in the conversation I had overheard between Purvis and Cobb, Purvis had threatened Cobb. It was all very confusing.

When the coroner, the jury, and all curious spectators had filed out of the house, I suddenly began to wonder about this trouble blown over by my father stood staring at me with rage in his eyes. He thought, I knew, that in defending Richard I had deliberately tried to throw suspicion on him. He came toward me, thrusting my mother aside.

"You'll get out, along with me, rest!" he exclaimed angrily. "Pack your things and get! I won't have you here another minute!" He stamped out of the room.

Which, as you might say, was that.

CHAPTER XVI.

Outset.

I CANNOT regard this account of what happened at Yew Manor as a detective story, and certainly up to now there has been no detective story. It is the amazing way in which the Spanish Lady and her mysterious end, and particularly the very real love which had come into being between Richard and my mother, far more important than this murder mystery. But I very soon began to see that until the problem of Mr. Cobb's death was solved there was no chance for happiness on either Richard's part or mine. None, in fact. Since that my was over, I was to learn how near the man I loved stood to the gallows.

When Mr. Hawley returned

from the room after the inquest, having first ordered me to leave the house, my mother threw herself into a chair and began sobbing hysterically.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"Leave, of course," I told her. "What else? I meant to go last night."

"She seemed almost relieved, I think at times Sylvia is afraid of Mr. Hawley."

"Maybe that would be best," she said, taking some handkerchiefs from her pocketbook. "Here, Marian—you'll need these. Alvin will get over his rage in a few days—as soon as this Cobb murder is settled. After all, I can understand his being angry. Practically accused by his own daughter of committing a murder!"

"I'm not his own daughter," I said. "And I had been a sister not to do what I could for Richard. I'm going to borrow this money—I took the banknotes from her—until he and I are married. Then I'll pay you back. I don't, of course, think after all this he still wants to marry me. I would you mind telephoning to the village and asking them to send over a conveyance of some kind. I feel sure they will do it."

But as it turned out, it was not necessary, for Purvis came and took me with the information that Dr. Walpole was at the door and wished to see me. I joined him at once.

The doctor was very brief. "Sir Evelyn," he said, "would like to talk to you. He's out in my car."

"Purvis some money," I said. "My things are all packed," I told him. "I'll be ready in five minutes."

Richard was sitting in the car, looking very gloomy. He said soon as he saw me his face lit up.

"I couldn't, you know," he said, taking my hand. "We might go for a little ride. Bring you back for dinner."

"I took a seat beside him. Dr. Walpole was leaning at the wheel. "I'm not coming back," I replied. "Mr. Hawley has cast me upon the cold and cruel world—driven me from his door. Or is it your door? I don't understand, yet, just who is the owner of Yew Manor?"

"It isn't," Richard said.

"Where do you intend to go?"

"The Royal Gallean, I suppose. I can't run away with this murder mystery is solved. If this jury might think I killed Mr. Cobb."

"You could hardly stay at the Inn," Richard objected. "A single girl, alone—"

"We might get married," I laughed, to cheer him up, but he shook his head, more solemn than ever.

"That is what I hoped for, yesterday," he said. "I meant to see Cobb, cancel the sale of the property, go to your stepfather, give him back his fifty money, tell him what I thought of him, and then carry you off to church by truck or coach. As things are now, I can't do a thing until I'm cleared of these charges—"

"What charges?" I asked indignantly. "I hadn't heard of any."

Dr. Walpole turned around in his seat.

"Miss Mason," he smiled. "I have an idea. Why not put up at my place for a while? Until this trouble blows over. My mid-Victorian aunt keeps house for me, so the cats won't be able to scratch."

I looked at Richard. He nodded.

"That's awfully kind, doctor," I said.

"And we'll go there right now, for tea, and a paw wove. There's a lot to talk over. I'll arrange with Tibbets about your luggage."

He drove on to the village, and I sat in silence, holding my hand.

Miss Walpole, the doctor's aunt, who seemed a pleasant little woman, very keen and bright, gave us tea and left us. While the doctor was telephoning to the Inn about sending over my things, Richard took me in his arm.

"Do you love me?" he whispered.

"I kissed him a great many times."

"Who killed Mr. Cobb?" I asked. "My stepfather?"

"I was so hoarse I knew," Richard muttered, between kisses. "Before this thing is over, you may come back to me."

"Never," I said, kissing him again. "You couldn't have."

"And you don't think I had anything to do with planning the murder in the morning, in frame, in order to get your stepfather to buy the place?"

"I should say my being unable at the moment to speak and then Dr. Walpole came back again."

"Bless you, my children," he laughed, but not very humorously. "Now let's get down to business." He took some notes from his pocket, glanced at them. "Here's the situation. Sir Evelyn, by his own account, was the last person to see Mr. Cobb alive. They had a violent quarrel over the sale of the property. When Sir Evelyn told him he was being accused Mr. Cobb refused, saying that the price had been agreed upon, the contract signed, the money and notes paid over, thus completing the transaction. He de-

clined to upset it, and said that Sir Evelyn was acting like a fool, that he had allowed his head to be turned by a clever and designing girl—meaning you, Miss Mason. Sir Evelyn then became violently angry and took Mr. Cobb by the throat, shook him, whereupon Mr. Cobb drew his pistol—"

"He omitted what seemed an unimportant detail," Dr. Walpole said, "to keep your name out of it. Now, to resume, Sir Evelyn took the pistol from Mr. Cobb, tossed it away, told him the sale of the property was off, left him."

"Alive," I said. "That's the important thing."

"Of course," Dr. Walpole murmured. "But it was several minutes—ten, at least—before Sir Evelyn rang the front door bell. His explanation of the delay—that he wished to compose himself, decide what he was going to say to Mr. Hawley, isn't convincing. To a jury, I mean. And his first words on entering, were to the effect that he had seen to it that Cobb could make no more trouble."

"Ridiculous!" I said. "As though a woman had committed murder would go right in and talk away with the information that Dr. Walpole was at the door and wished to see me. I joined him at once."

"The worst," went on Dr. Walpole solemnly, "is yet to come. I feel sure that Mr. Cobb did not die last night which a later and more thorough examination has just corrected. Mr. Cobb was driven from the wounds in his chest, and died at the foot of the door, shot! Apparently with his own pistol!"

"Wait a moment," I gasped.

(Continued on Page 19)

Doctors Warn Against Drugs • Eat Fresh Yeast •

STOMACH

INTESTINES

DON'T overtax your stomach with "remedies."

STRIKE at the cause of indigestion! Cleanse and "tonic" your digestive tract by eating...

YEAST! It's the simple method doctors advise.

'DOSING' with Medicines won't Cure INDIGESTION

Clean out the poisons in your system with THIS FOOD!

Adopt the simple method world-famous doctors recommend. Every day, regularly, eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast!

A food, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tonics" and re-invigorates the stomach and intestines... fosters secretion of the gastric juices... softens and helps remove all excess waste matter that may be clogging your digestive tract.

Violent "remedies," exhausting laxatives and cathartics will only add to its burdens.

Thus poisons that were backing up into your stomach and causing sourness, discomfort, etc., are carried off regularly. Get back real health—appetite—enjoyment—by eating Fleischmann's Yeast! You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains and drug stores on the label.

It's rich in vitamins B, G and D!

IMPORTANT!—Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advised.

Eat FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST for Health — 3 Cakes a Day

Husbands have dodged this question too long

Ignorance and misinformation on feminine antiseptics can cause your wife untold misery. It's high time you faced that fact... frankly.

You can shut your eyes. Or turn this page. Or tell yourself that it's none of your business. But, in the end, you can't evade this vital question. Your wife's health, your own peace of mind, your mutual happiness, depend utterly on facing and solving this problem of marriage hygiene.

Nature is harsh to the woman who enters marriage with insufficient knowledge. Ignorance is punished by illness, premature old age and a ceaseless burden of worry.

Yet even the most intelligent woman finds it difficult to learn the simplest facts. For, too often, she must depend on those dangerous half-truths whispered over tea-cups.

This is where you can be of help to her.

The facts are so easy for a man to acquire. With your broader contacts, your easy access to expert opinion... you can readily learn the method of marriage hygiene widely endorsed by the medical profession.

We give you that approved method here. And we suggest that you have your doctor confirm these facts.

The approved method of marriage hygiene

Organically, a woman is the most intricate and delicate of Nature's creations. Therefore, feminine antiseptics must not only be safe and dependable... but gentle and harmless. That is why leading doctors, hospitals and clinics recommend this simple method.

Regularly and unfailingly every married woman should use "Lysol" disinfectant, in accordance with the directions given on every bottle.

"Lysol" is the preferred antiseptic for these reasons:

1. "Lysol" destroys bacteria... under all conditions... in the body (in the presence of organic matter), not just in test-tubes. When you must be sure, use "Lysol." Don't trust mild, watery, "toilet" antiseptics, which often fail in feminine hygiene.

2. "Lysol" is safe. It is soothing and healing. Unlike many so-called "antiseptics," "Lysol" contains no free caustic alkali to sear, burn, or scar tissue.

3. "Lysol" has great penetrating qualities (because of low surface tension). It searches out and destroys bacteria which other antiseptics fail to reach.

4. "Lysol" is economical. A "Lysol" treatment costs less than 1 cent.

5. "Lysol" is always uniform and, no matter where or how long you keep it, it never loses strength or effectiveness.

Help your wife to avoid the penalties of ignorance by acting now. Talk to her frankly about marriage hygiene. Tell her the facts you have learned. See that she follows the approved "Lysol" method.

That simple act on your part will contribute more than anything else in the world to your wife's health and happiness... and to the success of your marriage.

Nature never excuses delay

Tell her to send for this booklet

(Or fill in your wife's name and mail it yourself)

LEWIS & FINE, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Dept. 23

Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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CONFIDENCE OF PURITY

To Those Who Appreciate the Best in Toilet Preparations

The Soap, fragrant and pure, cleanses and protects; the Ointment, antiseptic and healing, removes rashes and irritations; the Talcum imparts a pleasing fragrance to the skin.

Sole Dis. Chamber No. 25 and 56, Talouge Bldg., Postoffice, Pottery District & Chemical Corp., Madison, Miss., Try California Shaving Cream.

Lysol Disinfectant

The Spanish Lady By Frederic Arnold Kummer Given to You

(Continued from Page 18)

turning to Richard. "You throw the pistol away, you said?"

"Not far. Just tossed it on the grass."

"Then whoever shot him must have picked it up —"

"I hope so," Dr. Walpole said. "For if they didn't — if another weapon of the same calibre was used, Sir Evelyn's finger prints very likely to be found on the piece. And as Mr. Cobb's revolver



"This will keep the swelling down and let you get a good night's sleep."

"It felt better already, Mother. I'm sure it will be all right tomorrow."

SLEEP TONIGHT

BRUISES, SPRAINS

Soothe the pain—Sleep!

Bruises, sprains usually get more painful at night. Wrenched ankles, torn ligaments and similar injuries often spoil sleep... To stop pain and prevent loss of sleep, put on Sloan's Liniment. Fresh, healing blood rushes at once to the sore spot, congestion is quickly carried away. You enjoy a good night's rest. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.



SLOAN'S Liniment

Now if you're bothered with pimples, blackheads, eruptions of any kind or your rash just apply a little of this ESSENTIALS OF SKIN CARE. It will clear right up your morning. Works like magic because its two-fold action is just what you need to relieve skin troubles, even ringworm, quickly and easily. You'll stop worrying after you see how one application of ROWLE'S ESSENTIALS OF SKIN CARE brings relief. Get a jar from any druggist.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book today.

THE IRVING-VANCE Company Ltd.
965 Main Building, Toronto, Can.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

To half pint of water add one ounce hair rinse, a small box of Dandruff Compound and one-fourth ounce of Olive-oil. Any druggist can put this up for you mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to the hair and makes it soft and glossy. Works like magic. At first it may be gray and does not rub off.

If You Have Swollen Veins

Cut This Notice Out

—and mail it at once to International Laboratories, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York, N. Y. You will receive absolutely without cost a sample of the most efficient cure of varicose veins. Your writing will not obligate you in any way. Send now.

had certainly been discharged, and nobody heard a second shot. He shook his head gloomily.

"The murderer might have used a silencer," I said.

A microscopic examination of the bullet will show whether it came from Mr. Cobb's gun, or another," Dr. Walpole went on. "And as the bullet was not stopped, they have sent for a man from Scotland Yard. That's why I thought we had better have this conference. Perhaps you may know something. Miss Mason, which will help Sir Evelyn's defense. Otherwise I don't mind saying things look rather black for him."

"There's just as much reason suspecting my stepfather," I said hotly. "Mr. Hawley had threatened Cobb—tried to take the notes from him. How do we know when he ran out into the garden to speak to Cobb, that he didn't find him just picking up the papers from his pocket, go back into the house, while Richard was waiting outside the front door. There was ample time."

"It all seems quite plausible," Dr. Walpole replied, "except for the dreadful wounds across Mr. Cobb's back. If we could account for those —" he stared out of the window.

"If a man is coming down from Scotland Yard, it seems to me we had better do a little detective work ourselves. This thing can't be explained, if we go about it in the right way. A great many things have happened during the past week at the Manor, which may have a bearing on it."

Richard gave me a quick look. Then he came over and took my hand.

"You haven't any doubts, then?" he asked.

"I began to laugh," I said. "It is only in stories," I said. "That situation like that occurs. Of course, I haven't any doubts. And even if I had, what difference would it make? Very likely Cobb deserved to be shot. In any case, you're in a mess. We've got to get you out of it."

"You're — wonderful!" Richard said.

"Nonsense!" I told him. "What woman wouldn't want to help her man, guilty or not guilty. Suppose I just run over some of the things I've thought about in case they might help."

"That," said Dr. Walpole, "is precisely what I hoped you might do."

"Very well," I told him. "Now let me think. In the first place, I turned to Richard. 'Somebody broke into the house the night before the Spanish Lady's portrait was moved to the study for

"Exactly," Richard said. "To think that piece of art was the coat of arms on the frame."

"That night," I went on, "I saw a curious light in the study. Just as I did on the night of the murder. It wasn't a lantern. More like a flashlight, but very luminous. And, the bell-cord in the room, when I tried to touch it, without my moving up and down, without my having touched it."

"Let's eliminate ghosts," Dr. Walpole laughed.

"It's true just the same," I replied. "Also, when I went down with Purvis to investigate, I found this on the drawing room floor."

"I took the evil green seal from my pocket and placed it in Richard's hand. 'It belongs to the ring I gave you yesterday. The one I found on the steps of the

"And you thought I was mixed up in this plot to sell my stepfather the Lady Maria's emeralds, along with the house?"

"I couldn't think that," I replied. "It's too silly."

Richard leaned over and kissed me.

"As a matter of fact," he said quietly, "the seal had been loose for some time. I suppose it dropped out when you took me to the drawing room that day to look at the Spanish Lady's picture. Then, when you mentioned having found it next morning in the study, I kept quiet because I was masquerading as Richard Tennant at the time, and to have claimed the seal, with the Lady Maria's arms on it, would have told you at once I was one of the family. In fact, at the first opportunity I tossed the ring out of the study window. You found it on the steps to the cellar, just below."

"Of course," I said, squeezing his hand. "I might have known. This whole plot about the emeralds confuses me. I don't want to go on. 'Who an innocent?' And what? At first I thought that piece of linen might be genuine, but Dr. Walpole told me he has tested the green silk used in the embroidery and finds it quite modern. Why should anyone go to all that trouble to convince your stepfather that there were jewels hidden about the house?"

"ways a clever one. I can't claim credit for it. And I don't see why it should have been attempted by anyone else."

"Mr. Cobb," he suggested, but Richard shook his head.

"The most Cobb could have gotten out of it," he said, "was his commission. Can't believe a man would go to all that trouble for the sake of a few thousand dollars."

"Purvis could explain a lot if he wanted to," I said. "He told my stepfather that story about the hidden jewels in the first place. He broke the picture frame, while moving it, so that the piece of linen might be discovered. He led my stepfather to believe the Spanish Lady was buried in the crypt beneath the study—watched him, while he was digging there. Mr. Hawley accused him of being a crook in league with Cobb and yourself."

"Absurd!" Richard exclaimed. "No point to it."

"Just the same," I replied. "I heard Cobb and Purvis talking together—heard Purvis, for some reason, threaten him. There is a spot in the drawing room, just in front of the fireplace, where you can hear people talking without knowing where they are. Unless the chimney breast is hollow, with a staircase in it."

"Cobb," again, Dr. Walpole laughed. But Richard took me more seriously.

"The house is several centuries old," he said. "There might be a secret staircase somewhere. But all that doesn't explain in the least why Cobb should go to so much trouble,

to earn the commission on a sale of a hundred thousand dollars—"

It was then, for the first time, that I began to see light.

"Why do you say a hundred thousand dollars?" I asked.

"Because that is what your stepfather paid me for the property. Fifty thousand down, in cash, the balance in notes."

"Wait a moment," I said. "I think that may explain everything, including even the murder."

"What?" Dr. Walpole and Richard asked together.

"The fact that you sold the Manor for a hundred thousand dollars! My stepfather told me he paid two hundred!"

The doctor and Sir Evelyn were both too surprised for a moment to say anything. Then Richard shook his head.

"I don't see how that is possible," he said. "The bill of sale I signed, the other papers, all clearly, said a hundred thousand."

"Did you and Mr. Hawley sign together?" I asked.

"No. Cobb sent for me one morning—the figures were changed, before Mr. Hawley saw the bill," he said. "The bill of sale I signed, the other papers, all clearly, said a hundred thousand."

"But you have copies of them, haven't you?" Dr. Walpole interrupted.

"No," Richard grinned and shook his head. "Living abroad the way I do, I left everything in Cobb's hands."

"Was the check you received for the fifty thousand dollars Mr. Hawley's check?" the doctor went on.

"No. Cobb's. He had deposited Hawley's check, I suppose, the way he did my rents and things. The one he gave me was his own. And the amount was less than fifty thousand, for he had deducted his commission."

"Then it seems to me," I said, "that Cobb had things pretty much his own way. He had no reason to think you would come down here masquerading as an agent, meet Mr. Hawley, fall in love with me. He expected you to go back to home and stay there, asking no questions, while he collected the extra hundred thousand dollars, made use of it himself. If Mr. Hawley attempted any trouble, and you heard of it, Cobb had only to stand by his figure of two hundred thousand, and say you had made a mistake in reading the papers. Without copies of them you couldn't prove anything. But he had no reason to expect trouble from Mr. Hawley. If my stepfather had given his failure to find buried treasure on the place as a reason for not paying his notes, it would not only have exposed his own dishonesty, but caused him to be laughed out of court."

"I think Miss Mason is right," Walpole said, giving me a very nice smile.

"I think she is a regular Portia," I seconded Daniel came to judgment," Richard laughed, "and when we've married I mean to let her handle my business affairs. But just the same," he added gloomily, "I don't see

how all this is going to help us in finding out who murdered Mr. Cobb. As a matter of fact, it would seem to give me an additional reason for making away with him."

"If Miss Mason's explanation is correct," said Dr. Walpole, "Cobb no doubt had promised Purvis a considerable sum for helping along the scheme. When he said that both Mr. Hawley and Sir Evelyn were unwilling to go through with the transaction, he may have refused to pay Purvis, with the result that the butler turned on him in anger and killed him."

"That, too, is possible," I said. "Purvis certainly had threatened him. Had warned him to do as he was told, if he knew what was good for him. And the reason Purvis did not answer the doorbell when Sir Evelyn rang is because he was out in the garden. At least he had mud on his boots when he came in with the lantern, for I saw it."

Richard gulped down his tea. "Why," he said, "shouldn't we go there and find out, before this thing turns out to be a bad joke. If we wait, it may be too late. Friend Purvis may toss the evidence of his guilt over the sea-wall."

The idea, I must confess, appealed to me. Dr. Walpole, however, was not so sure.

"We can't very well commit burglary," he said.

Richard laughed at him.

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MEN AT THE OFFICE FOUND HIM CAPABLE AND HARD-WORKING. YET THEY HESITATED TO PROMOTE HIM

THE 'ONLY GIRL' TURNED HIM DOWN WHEN HE ASKED HER TO MARRY HIM

THEN A YOUNG DOCTOR-FRIEND FRANKLY TOLD HIM WHAT HIS FAULT WAS

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Complexions grow radiant

Lifebuoy's pure, bland, deep-cleansing lather gently frees pores of clogged impurities—freshens dull skins till they glow with new radiance. Its pleasant hygienic scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy purifies! Adopt Lifebuoy today!

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THEN SHE LEARNED A WASHDAY SECRET... by CA Vought

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THAT REMINDS ME—I WANT A BOX OF RINSO, TOO

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YOU can trust your finest cottons and linens—white or colors—to Rinso's gentle care. Millions do—safely!

And Rinso is so economical. Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, pulled-up soaps. Creamy, long-lasting suds that *don't stir* and save the clothes from being scratched thewreath.

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 40 famous washers for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. Great for a duff, too. Grease goes in a jiffy. Get the BIG handy, household package.

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Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan

The Spanish Lady By Frederic Arnold Kummer

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PICK OVER AND WASH 4 cups rice. Turn into 2 tablespoons bacon fat and brown lightly. Add 5 cups boiling water and 2 teaspoons salt and cook until nearly tender but not mushy. Brown 2 minced onions in 1 tablespoon fat, add 2 cups strained canned tomatoes and 1½ cups minced pimientos and pepper to taste. Add to the rice. Season as desired. Turn into a baking dish and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven.

Canned Fish Chowder. SLICE 4 or 6 ounces fat salt pork and fry in kettle. Remove and put in 6 or 8 sliced potatoes and 2 minced onions. Add 3 cups boiling water and simmer until potatoes are almost tender. Add 2 cups flaked canned fish and continue cooking until potatoes are tender and fish hot. Add 1 pint rich milk, season to taste with salt and pepper and bring to boiling point. Have ready reheated cauliflower, or cauliflower made by cutting 2 or 3 slices of bread into cubes and dipping in egg and bread crumbs. Add to the chowder just as it is ready to be served.

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Years of Unbearable SINUS PAIN Can Now Be Avoided

Any person afflicted with severe sinus trouble can tell you there is no human pain so terribly unendurable as sinus trouble. Even surgical operations bring no relief from the excruciating torture in frequent head colds, catarrh, mouth breathing, snoring, pressure at the bridge of the nose, congested nasal passages, headaches above the eyes, spells of temporary deafness, inflamed and plugged-up throats, bad odors from nasal mucus throat discharges. Sinusitis is a doctor's discovery for safe protection against threatened sinus trouble. It quickly clears the nose and washes the congested passages. Thousands who formerly feared sinus infection, now prevent colds and other respiratory diseases, have a clear head, and breathe freely, when using Sinasiptec in warm water, as a twice-daily nasal bath. It's no more a nuisance! The Sinasiptec treatment soon becomes a fine health habit, like brushing the teeth! At all druggists.

SINASIPTEC (Pronounced "sina-sip-tec")

(Continued from Page 19)

his purchase of "Yew Manor," he exclaimed. "Therefore the property still belongs to me. He isn't even a legal tenant, now, for his rent hasn't been paid since the first of the month. If the house is mine, I have a right to enter it. And in any event, I intend to. This very night. You'd better come along, doctor. It may prove exciting."

Dr. Walpole knocked some ashes from his pipe. "Very well," he said. "You two burglars may need medical assistance before the evening is over."

Then Miss Walpole came in and suggested that I might like to go to my room. I went up and fixed myself for dinner, in no very lively frame of mind. I made light of everything to Richard, but just the same I knew he was in a very nasty fix.

After dinner Richard, the doctor and I had another conference and arranged our plan of attack. Dr. Walpole was first to telephone Sylvia and suggest that he come over and see her, and at the same time have a talk with Mr. Hawley about the murder. I felt sure my mother would welcome a visit from him; her imaginary ailments rendered her avid of medical advice. And of course she had been through a trying experience. The doctor proposed to call at nine o'clock.

Richard and I were to drive over with him, but instead of accompanying him to the front door were to cut around through the shrubbery to the back of the house.

As soon as we were sure that he had been admitted, Richard was to ring the bell at the tradesmen's entrance in the rear. We had every reason to expect Purvis would answer it, since Crocker, the second man, had been discharged by Mr. Hawley

when he began his treasure hunting, and the cook, the two maids would be in bed. My stepfather maintained a very small corps of servants.

What Richard meant to do when he faced Purvis he declined to tell me, but I was willing to leave the matter in his hands. There may have been doubts, as he once told me, concerning his ability as an artist, but I felt none as to his courage. He did, however, ask Dr. Walpole to lend him a pistol.

Everything went exactly as we had planned. Sylvia, as usual, received the doctor in her upstairs sitting room, we saw the lights of it suddenly blaze on. And we depended on Dr. Walpole to insure Mr. Hawley's presence there as well, with his plea of wishing to discuss the murder. So downstairs the house would be clear.

We had quite a little wait before Purvis put in his appearance.

at the tradesmen's entrance, and I thought he seemed frightened when he opened the door. He was considerably more so when Richard pushed the steel nose of the automatic into his ribs.

"Don't alarm yourself, Purvis, old chap," he said softly, "or anybody else. Just stay here for a moment, where I can talk to you." He took the butler by the lapel of his coat and pulled him through the doorway. "There—that's that. Now I'll explain what I want. Miss Mason tells me she's overheard you on one or two occasions talking with Mr. Cobb somewhere in the bowels of the house. On the last occasion she distinctly heard you threaten him. That will be bad for you, in case you are arrested for Mr. Cobb's murder. Furthermore, she tells me that last

night, when you came into the hall with the lantern, there was mud on your boots, although you claimed that you had not left your pantry. As for your work with Mr. Cobb, in convincing Mr. Hawley that the Lady Maria's jewels were hidden on the premises, we know all about that. So may as well go to work with me. Miss Mason says that when she heard you and Cobb talking she was standing in the drawing room—that your voices apparently came from somewhere inside the chimney. That would seem to prove the existence of a secret passageway or staircase in the wall. If there is any such thing I want you to show it to me."

Purvis stood there in the dim light from the hallway, his knees trembling, his face the color of dried clay. Although

the night was cool, beads of perspiration ran down his thin neck inside his collar. Whatever the cause of his fear, it was something more than Richard's pistol.

"You may, sir," he stammered, "that I am in danger of arrest for Mr. Cobb's murder?"

"Decidedly, Purvis," Richard said. "They're just for a man from Scotland Yard."

At the mention of Scotland Yard Purvis positively wilted. "I had nothing to do with Mr. Cobb's death, sir," he gasped. "Nothing at all!"

"Then lead on to the secret staircase or whatever it is," Richard told him. "If your conscience is clear, there is no reason why you should not show it to me."

To Be Concluded Next Sunday. Copyright, 1935, by Frederic Arnold Kummer. All Rights Reserved.

From Your Pantry Shelves

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Graham Cracker Cake I. BREAK ½ pound graham crackers rather fine, add 1 cup chopped dates, 1 cup broken marshmallows, 1 cup chopped nuts, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 cup thick cream. Mix until crumbs are thoroughly moist. Pack into a tin or mold lined with waxed paper and let stand in ice box about 12 hours. Turn out, remove paper and slice. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Easy Rolls. DISSOLVE 2 yeast cakes in 1 cup lukewarm water. Cream 1 cup shortening with ¼ cup sugar and add 1 cup boiling water. Cool and add dissolved

yeast cakes. Add 2 well beaten eggs. Mix and sift 6 cups unsifted flour and 1 teaspoon salt. Add to the yeast mixture. Mix thoroughly. Place in ice box until ready to use. Fill buttered muffin tins about ¾ full and let rise 2 hours before baking. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes. This dough may be kept in the box several days. About one-half pound flour may be used in place of white flour.

Lemon Cup Cakes. CREAM ¼ cup butter. Add 1 cup sugar gradually. Beat in 4 well beaten egg yolks, the grated zest of 1 lemon and 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Add

1½ cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon soda. Beat well and fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in small buttered and floured muffin pans. Cover with boiled frosting if desired.

Graham Cracker Cake III. BEAT ½ cup butter until creamy. Add ½ cup sugar gradually and beat in 2 well beaten egg yolks. Roll and add ½ pound graham cracker crumbs. To the crumbs add 3 tablespoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon and mix well. Add the cracker mixture to the first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes. Turn out and floured baking pan about 14 by 8 inches. When cut the cake in two equal parts. Put together and cover with chocolate, mocha or mystery frosting.

Savory Rice. PICK OVER AND WASH 4 cups rice. Turn into 2 tablespoons bacon fat and brown lightly. Add 5 cups boiling water and 2 teaspoons salt and cook until nearly tender but not mushy. Brown 2 minced onions in 1 tablespoon fat, add 2 cups strained canned tomatoes and 1½ cups minced pimientos and pepper to taste. Add to the rice. Season as desired. Turn into a baking dish and bake about ½ hour in a moderate oven.

Canned Fish Chowder. SLICE 4 or 6 ounces fat salt pork and fry in kettle. Remove and put in 6 or 8 sliced potatoes and 2 minced onions. Add 3 cups boiling water and simmer until potatoes are almost tender. Add 2 cups flaked canned fish and continue cooking until potatoes are tender and fish hot. Add 1 pint rich milk, season to taste with salt and pepper and bring to boiling point. Have ready reheated cauliflower, or cauliflower made by cutting 2 or 3 slices of bread into cubes and dipping in egg and bread crumbs. Add to the chowder just as it is ready to be served.

American Weekly Patterns



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"grinding her own" meats, vegetables, and other foods. The use of a home chopping tool greatly enlarges her kitchen vocabulary, as it were, by enabling her to approach the many unusual dishes where the chef himself relies on fine "mincing" for their success. I should say that only the very lazy or the very over-worked housewife patronizes the counter where unknown, unverified "chopped meat" is displayed for sale. Dependable as any individual butcher may be, the exact origin, quality and age of the meat so chopped is entirely secret. Moreover, only by having a piece run through the grinder before one's eyes, is one able to insist that no extra fat, gristle, etc., is included in the minced result.

Better by far to select your particular cut of meat, see it put into a pan, and take it home to grind it how and when you

choose. Again, there is never as much fresh juice in meat chopped for some hours, nor does it have as good flavor as when used as soon as it is finely cut.

There are many dishes, too, where cut or small minced vegetables are required in a hurry, and where the chopping tool does the work more rapidly and evenly than is possible by hand, unless one is a Chinese, whose skill in operating two small meat-saws, swung alternately down as a means of meat or celery, is nothing short of miraculous!

What dishes can be made better with home-chopped ingredients? Here are just a few typical cases where fine mincing makes good eating:

Loaf Dishes—Fresh or cooked ingredients combined with good flavor and baked in single large pan.

Croquette, Patty Dishes—As above, but ingredients molded or

shaped small, and cooked individually.

Collops, Hash, Ragout, Empanada, etc.—As above, but ingredients left unshaped, and cooked as a thick mixture, with or without gravy.

Farces, Meatballs, etc.—As above, but used in a mass inside or as a filling for another food.

Sauces—As above, but used as additions to gravies in connection with other foods.

Soups—As above, but made completely liquid.

Vegetable and Salad Dishes—Where small uniform pieces heighten the effect, the appearance, and the pleasure in eating.

Every housewife makes some sort of "loaf" her specialty and calls it by as fancy a name as she likes. Meat loaf, bean loaf, vegetable loaf—all are "much in little," and will stretch but a pound of good meat into enough portions for six persons.

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

The same ingredients when shaped in small individual molds, or croquettes, are another variety. Croquettes, by the way, need not be fried in deep fat which some housewives think a troublesome process; they may be equally successful as such, then laid on a greased baking platter and browned in a moderate oven. Carefully pan-fried, they are just as tasty, and done more quickly.

It may be surprising to hear that in a recent national cooking contest, where men voted which dishes they liked best, that hash—yes, just hash—came up third in the list! On good restaurant bills of fare hash is always a hot seller to men. As Goldberg, the humorist, says: "Hash never has any special flavor—it is fundamentally average." But when the housewife of good ingredients with no extra fat ground in, even hash may be the chief dinner dish at any family meal. Evenly cut ingredients, no fat, and a right proportion of meat with mass, is the secret.

A dish of my childhood returns in thought as I write this article. We called it "minced collops."

It is not so much as it is in fact. The hash is in fact a chopped lower round steak which is put in small amounts in a well greased skillet, the white one keeps a fork constantly stirring about. In this stirring, the raw meat is cooking, each bit "collops" takes shape as it is dredged on, boiling onion flavored stock added, and a few minutes more cooking to thicken the gravy. Then the "collops" are poured over hot buttered toast, and nobody need sniff at "minced collops!"

In the Frenchified cookbooks, one frequently meets the term: "minced chicken," etc. This is nothing but a glorified chicken hash, often served on toast, or in connection with some form of pastry. Any of us housewives may try an "empanada" of left-over or Friend Husband next week, if we wish—but any such mixture must be next in appearance, never greasy, and always well-flavored.

Of course Hamburg is the most familiar as well as the most popular form of finely divided meat. But instead of always serving it in the typical rakes, here are other ways to treat it: Make it into two very large and thick cakes—at least one-half pound in each cake. Bake in a cake on a greased pie pan, cover with thinly sliced and parboiled onion; cover with the second cake, and bake 30 minutes, pouring over a savory brown or mushroom gravy. Or, use as filling for such Winter vegetables as large white turnips, Bermuda onions, or eggplant.

In the last decade, many novel kitchen cutting tools have made their appearance. But I do not believe that any one has superseded the good old-fashioned hand-operated meat chopper. In the first place, their mincing is just right for many foods which would or might be too finely ground by power. In the second place, no power chopper has any better cutting knife than a good make of the hand type. And last, the position of the hand device, low, near the workable surface, easily filled and emptied, makes it preferable to those choppers where the ingredients must be shoved in nearly at eye-level.

There are two types of grinders, or what the trade calls "choppers." One is the meat chopper, which has four blades steel knives, and a plate with holes in it, most frequently used for making nut butters. This type of machine cuts clean, and will handle either raw or cooked foodstuffs rapidly and neatly.

The other and cheaper food chopper is usually made in smaller sizes, and has three knives with it. These knives are of cast-iron, and dull quickly. They rub against the face of the machine in such a way that they really mash or grind the food, rather than cut it.

For thorough service, select a meat chopper with steel cutting blades, every time, in the size most suited to your family's needs. And by the way, if you have a porcelain or metal-tipped kitchen table, to which it is difficult to clean the usual chopper, invest in a small device which attaches instantly to any table and will handle either raw or cooked foodstuffs rapidly and neatly.

Salisbury Steak Supreme—This is the bottom round of best green beef, cut into 1/2 inch cubes, onion juice and a dash of catsup and Worcestershire. Make into large individual cakes the size of a saucer, leaving a depression on the top. Brown on greased platter in oven. Fill depressions with chopped vegetable in cream gravy, or with poached egg (Chopped peppers, onions, or string beans are good fillings).

Hash—Heat 1 pint chopped cooked ham left-overs, 1 pint diced cooked potatoes, 1 quart milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon white pepper. Cook slowly for 30 minutes, turning frequently. Add two tablespoons butter, heat on serving dish and garnish sides with fried green peppers or fried tomato rings.

with onion, and slightly thickened with flour. Make a white sauce, and blend with the hash, let it simmer, then add a raw egg and bind all together. Have ready a medium firm pastry rolled out. Cut into squares 2 1/2 inches square. Place on the center of each square a large spoon of the hash. Fold over the square to make a triangular shape, pinching the edges well together. Now either bake them, or drop into boiling water like dumplings. When done, cover with buttered crumbs and serve very hot.

Cornish Patties—This is another national adaptation of the same idea. The meat used is generally lamb, and the vegetables carrot, onions and white turnips. In the lamb and the vegetables through the coarse knife-chopper. Cover with seasoned brown stock and simmer until tender but shapely. Drain most of the gravy off. Have ready a slightly more flaky pastry and cut into triangles. Lay the meat and vegetable mixture on one half the paste, fold over, and press edges like an apple turnover. Bake until the paste is brown. Serve very hot.

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